

Canada and the Empire

I desire to express to my people of the Overseas Dominions with what appreciation and pride I have received the messages from their respective governments. . . I shall be strengthened in the discharge of the great responsibility which rests upon me by the confident belief that in this time of trial my Empire will stand united, calm, resolute, trusting in God.—KING GEORGE'S MESSAGE TO CANADA.

The Motherland is confronting a necessity of national existence. We come to her aid in determination to ensure the safety of this Empire and to defend our flag, our honor and our heritage.

I have often declared that if the Mother Country were ever in danger, or if danger even threatened, Canada would render assistance to the full extent of her power.

Rt. Baden.

Wilfrid Laurier

Britain's Word is Britain's Word

IT'S the real thing, this time.

To the last hour, the British Empire set its face against this war. To the last hour, Britain strove to keep the peace. When other nations trampled their treaties under foot and broke their sworn promises—when rulers stripped the scabbard of civilization off the sword of war—when the day dawned, flaming red, over Europe, "The Day" that German officers have toasted for years, England stood for peace, if peace might be kept with honor.

On that memorable Tuesday night, Trafalgar Square, fluttering with the colors, aflame with loyalty, waited for the answer.

Then—the drums!

For Britain's word is Britain's word, and though other nations may make and break their promises lightly, Britain's word, once given, must stand. The Empire seeks neither port nor lands, flies at the throat of no hereditary enemy, revenges itself for no long-treasured grudge. The war is a war of the Empire's honor, and Canada stands with the Empire to the last man, the last dollar and the last loaf of bread.

And it's the real thing, this time.

No longer are our sons and brothers only the lads we have known. They are soldiers of the King. The message

comes for Neil to join his regiment in Winnipeg—our Neil, who was going to settle down and peacefully practice himself into a family physician one of these days. All along the quiet, tree-shaded street the young men are turning out, the old service men are drilling the recruits, the women go about with set faces.

Few of us have with our own eyes seen a field of battle. But we have heard about it, and we have read in books what a battlefield looked like in South Africa, and as though with our own eyes we have watched the shrapnel whirl and burst, tearing human bodies to pieces. Comparatively speaking, South Africa was an affair of out-posts, guerilla-work. But now, in this war of race against race, of Teuton against Gaul, we have seen the pictures of the German ordnance; of the deadly-accurate French Turcos, we have read of the line of battle two hundred and fifty miles long, millions of men lying face to face out in the turnip-fields of Belgium, in the trampled grass of Alsace-Lorraine, waiting the brazen-throated bugle's *Charge!*

Somehow, the business of life, the routine of the office, must go on. We come in from the street, with its flaring bulletins. The morning's mail lies as the postman tossed it on the desk, unsorted, unopened. Yesterday, it

was one of the vital things in life. But to-day somehow it doesn't seem so important whether they've given that contract to us or to Competitor & Co.

This won't do. We start opening the envelopes. Half-way through the pile, the letters drop of themselves from our hands, without having left a single impression on our brain. We sit at our desk, idle, mechanically turning over the cigars in the accustomed box, absently judging, selecting. This one is an even brown, well-rolled. Those poor devils out in the trenches! As if he were within a hand-breadth, we see a young soldier lighting his cigarette from a comrade's match. The lean brown face looks up towards us, the lips move in a gay jest, the hand tosses away the stub of the carefully treasured match in a familiar gesture. . . . But there is a look in his eyes. . . . a look and we leave our cigar in the box.

An enemy, that lad. Neil has gone to fight him. An enemy. What is an enemy?

Listen to the words of a German, written long before this day of war. The German government suppressed his story, because it made people think. Yet it crept into print in spite of the all-powerful kaiser, and instantly had a circulation of 100,000 in Germany among the very people that

to-day are on the French frontier with guns in their hands.

"Again I see myself on that glorious morning of my holidays, at a railway station, and again I am gazing curiously out of the window. A foreign country, and a stranger people. It is France—Nancy. The moment for departure has come. The station master is just giving the signal. Then a little old woman extends her trembling hand to the window and a fine young fellow in our carriage takes the wrinkled hand and strokes it until the old woman's tears course down her motherly cheeks. Not a word does she speak. She only looks at her boy and the lad gazes down at his mother. Then it flashes upon me like a revelation. Foreigners can shed tears. Why, that is just the same thing as it is with us. They weep when they take leave of one another. They love one another, and feel grief. . . . And as the train rolled out of the station I kept on looking out of the window and seeing the old woman standing on the platform, so desolately gazing after the train, without stirring. I could not help thinking of my own mother. It was I myself who was saying good-bye there, and on the platform yonder my poor old mother was in tears. Pocket handkerchiefs were floating in the breeze. I waved mine, too, for I, too, was one who belonged to her."

The man who wrote that is perhaps to-day out with the Uhlans, and if he chances to face the soldier-lad of Nancy, he must make the old mother childless if he can.

An enemy! How many sore hearts in Germany to-night feel about their lads as Neil's mother feels about Neil? How many in France? How many in veiled and mysterious Russia? In how many peasant kitchens does the mother stand staring at the smoky wall, forgetting to stir the soup, now that Karl or Jean or Ivan has gone to war? What does old 'Poleon Belcoeur think about, standing at the door of the little shop that young 'Poleon was making do so well—the little shop so pitifully empty of customers now?

It is not a *volkskrieg*, this war, they say in Germany. There is nothing about it to bring the Bavarian farmer shouting from his plow and the Bohemian blacksmith from his forge. Somewhere, far above their heads, in Berlin, in Vienna, the makers of war lean together over the maps, the grim and wrinkled faces weigh advantage against advantage, the Word goes out, the yellow notices flutter through the streets, calling the men to the colors.

Somehow we do not realize that these people are alive and have no quarrel with England, except as the war lords bid them fight and die.

France is wiping out an ancient wrong, and from Normandy to the Midi there is not a man holding back. The little Montreal waitress, serving our coffee and eggs this morning, whispered "Vive la France" over our shoulder as she set down the toast. Canada is a solid mass behind the flag. All we feel is that Britain's word is Britain's word. We must fight for the honor of the Empire—fight to win.

Men have already been shot down for interference with our own Canadian wireless stations and railways. The Grenadiers have been told off to guard the aerials that bring news out of the sky, and there is much laughter over the prospect of their sharing meals with the nurses at the hospital, the Queen's Own displaying elaborate jealousy. Winnipeg packs Carlton Street to the car-tracks, singing, and when the Ninetieth—"the little black devils"—march by to the rollicking tune of "Solomon Levi," Winnipeg goes absolutely mad with joy. Valcartier is a humming hive.

Loyal to the backbone, Canada stands behind the flag. And it's the real thing, this time. There's no half-measure. Britain's word is Britain's word.

What the Little Grey Lady Saw

By Betty D. Thornley

SHE was a little grey lady with a white silk shawl over her shoulders. Never before in her well-ordered life had she appeared down town gloveless and without a hat.

But nobody noticed her.

Her eyes were raised to the big circle of light, mid-height of the department store on the other side of the street where the scrawled bulletins of the tired pressman etched themselves on the white sheet, one after the other. The first night of the grey lady's watch, the printing had been draughtsmanlike. Now, packed streetful, curb to curb, who cared?

For it wasn't baseball that the quick sentences talked out. And it wasn't elections. It was War. And the grey lady's youngest son had volunteered.

Up at the Armouries where the other end of the big crowd made its headquarters, there was music. Last week, the phonograph across the street had tinkled about the girl in the heart of Maryland. Now the regimental Band thundered "O Canada," crashed through "The British Grenadiers" and hit the top lights with the high notes of "Rule Britannia."

In the centre, between bandplaying the recruits drilled, not in the flashing scarlet or the trim blue of their

parade uniforms, but in earth-colored khaki as became men who were now on the dollar-a-day-and-ten-cents-a-lallowance granted to His Majesty's troops in Wartime.

As the officer commanding barked the orders, the files wheeled and turned and pivoted. They didn't do it with the dizzying, playtoy regularity of the show regiment, marching before cheering, peanut-eating crowds at an Exhibition. They were so new to their rifles, their uniforms, their orders, these clear-eyed boys, that they brought the tears smarting to your eyes.

The drill came to an end, and the crowd moved about during the band-playing. A girl with a blue crepe blouse and a fifteen-cent pearl chain walked arm in arm with a curly headed volunteer. She chewed gum with the regularity of last week's carefreeness. But she carried his service cap in both hands. And she wasn't smiling.

A little old man stood so close to the band that his gesticulating arms almost touched the tall leader. Last week he would have been laughed at. Now someone whispered, "He's a veteran!" and eyes kindled as they looked at him.

When the time came to repeat the "Rule Britannia" that finished every

playing, the draggled-skirted Liverpooles with the two babies raised her voice, cracked but triumphant. The youngster at her skirts stared wide-eyed, the tow-head in arms hid her pink bows against her mother's neck. But the woman caught the little hands and raised them in her own as she kept time.

"Her father was a soldier," said the crowd.

And then, all at once, the girl in the corner who had come to watch, to write, and to analyze, felt herself caught into the circle with the rest of them. It wasn't the Liverpooles, nor the poor whiskey-brave veteran. It wasn't the gum-chewer with the service cap. It wasn't even the elemental urge of the music, tom-tom-ed soul-deep by the crashing drum.

It was just an Idea, a stupendous, all-leveling Idea.

Once before it had swung insolently down the routes of trade as a red-marked map on a postage stamp, and once it had flamed, solemn as doom, in Kipling's Recessional—the dream of Empire, the thought that God had planned and put us there, and that we had a Trust.

This was no War of aggression, the chastisement of lesser folk, as many



had felt the Boer trouble to be. This was a mighty Empire—the vastest that has been—marching mayhap to coming doom, head up.

And we, from the Mackenzie to the Line, from Vancouver to Halifax, Grit, Tory, Protestant, Catholic, Hindoo immigrant, Liverpool dock-rat, Glasgow bum, Toronto millionaire—we were in it!

When the Sunday stillness of August

second was broken by the little news-boys shrilling extras in the hot Canadian streets, something was dropped into the cauldron of public life that changed Dominion history.

Only the day before the papers had carried echoes from the last session of Parliament, echoes of the navy squabble and the patriotic philippics—or quick-lunch grand-standing, as you chanced to look at it—heard when the

member for Calgary ran amuck anent the C. N. R.

Ontario and Quebec wouldn't eat from the same saucer if you mentioned Bilingual Schools. The Orange Sentinel and the Catholic Record transplanted the Irish question to Canadian soil, where it flourished like a tiger lily. And Vancouver threatened to come to blows with Ottawa if the

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Gentleman Born

WHEREIN CAROLINE UNCONSCIOUSLY PLAYS
A TRICK ON FATE AND BRINGS A
CHILD TO AN EMPTY HOUSE

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer



"I'LL TELL HIM," CAROLINE SAID, "BUT I'M SURE HE'LL KEEP IT. IT'S A LOVELY BABY."

CAROLINE sniffed her way luxuriously through the dusky paneled library.

"I think it smells awfully good here, don't you?" she inquired of her hostess.

The lady's wonderful velvet train dragged listlessly behind her. Her neck and arms were dressed in heavy, yellowish lace, but all around her slim body waves of deep-colored, soft velvet held the light in lustrous pools, or darkened into almost shadows. It was like stained glass in a church, thought Caroline, stroking it surreptitiously, and like stained glass, too, were the lovely books, bloody red, grassy green, and brown like autumn woods with edges of gold when the sunlight struck them. They made the walls like a great jeweled cabinet, lined from floor to ceiling; here and there a niche of polished wood held a white, clear-cut head. From the ceiling great opal-tinted globes swung on dull brass chains; they swayed ever so slightly when one watched them closely.

"This is my favorite room, Duchess," said Caroline; "isn't it yours?"

"Do you really think I look like one?" returned the lady; "the only

Duchess I ever saw was fat—horribly fat. It is a very handsome library, of course."

"Then *she* didn't look like a duchess, that's all," Caroline explained. "What I like about this libr'y is, it's so clean. And you can pull the chairs out and show those big, shiny yellow ones on the bottom shelf."

"Of course; why not?" said the Duchess, dropping into a great carved chair with griffins' heads on the top.

"Why, you can't do that at Uncle Joe's," Caroline confided, sitting on a small griffin stool at the lady's feet, "because General gets at the bottom row and smears 'em. You see he's only two, and you can't blame him, but he licks himself dreadfully and then rubs it on the backs. He marks them, too, inside, with a pencil or a hat pin, or even an orange-wood stick that you clean your nails with. Yours is made of pearl, you know, but most—a great many, I mean—people have them wood. And, so the chairs have to be all leaned around against the walls to keep him from the books."

The Duchess drew a long breath. "And your uncle objects?" she said between her teeth.

"Uncle Joe says," Caroline returned, patting the griffin heads on her little stool, "that if Colonel Roosevelt had General in his library for half an hour he'd feel different about race suicide."

The Duchess laughed shortly.

"That is possible, too," she agreed.

"You said Cousin Joe was well—and Edith?"

"Oh, yes, they're well—I mean, they're very well indeed, thank you," said Caroline. "Uncle Joe says they have to be, with the General's shoes two dollars and a half a pair! You see he has quite thick soles, now—he runs about everywhere. Aunt Edith says he needs a mounted policeman 'stead of a nurse."

"Did Edith get rested after the moving?"

"Oh, yes," Caroline answered, absently. She was watching the opal globes sway. "Aunt Edith says before she was married she'd have gone south with a trained nurse after such an experience, but now she has to save the nurse for measles, she s'poses, so she just lies down after lunch."

The Duchess moved restlessly half out of the griffin chair, but sank back again.

"And you have a trained nurse all the time," Caroline mused, stroking the glistening velvet; "isn't that funny? Just so in case you *might* be sick. . . ." The sunlight peeped and winked on the gold book-edges.

"It amounts to that," the Duchess said, adding, very low, "but she is not likely to be needed for measles."

"No," Caroline assented. "you and Cousin Richard are pretty old for measles. It's children that have 'em mostly. I never did, yet. But you don't seem to ever have any children. And such a big house, too! And

you're very fond of children, aren't you? It seems so queer that when you like them you can't manage to have any. And people that don't care about them have them all the time. It was only Christmas time that Norah Mahoney—she does the extra washing in the summer—had another. That makes seven. It's a boy. Joseph Michael, he's named, partly after Uncle Joe. Norah says there don't seem to be any end to your troubles, once you're married to a man."

The Duchess turned aside her head, but Caroline knew from the corner of her mouth that her eyes were full of tears. She stroked the hands that clenched the griffin's crest.

"Never mind," she urged, "maybe you'll have some. Most everybody has just one, anyway."

The Duchess shook her head mutely; a large, round tear dropped on the griffin.

"Well, then," said Caroline, briskly, "why don't you adopt one? The Weavers did, and she was quite a nice girl; I used to play with her. She sucked her thumb, though. But prob'ly they don't, all of them."

"I wouldn't mind if she did," the Duchess declared. Already she spoke more brightly. "I wanted to adopt one—one could take it when it was very little. But Richard won't hear of it."

"Not a bit?" Caroline looked worried; she knew Richard.

"Not a bit," the Duchess repeated, "that is, he says he is willing under certain conditions, but they are simply impossible. Nobody could find such a child."

"There are lots of 'em in the Catholic

Foundling," said Caroline, thoughtfully, "all kinds. Aunt Edith went there to sing for them and she took Miss Honey and me. They're all dressed differently and they look so sweet. You can take your choice of them. Aunt Edith cried. But you must let them be Catholics."

"Richard wouldn't let me take one from an institution," the Duchess said, "and somehow I wouldn't care to, myself. But there is a woman I know of who is interested in children that—that aren't likely to grow up happily, and she will get one for anybody, only one can't ask any questions about them. You may have all the rights in them, but you will never know where they came from. And Richard won't have that. I suppose he's right."

"But there are plenty of people who would let you have one if you would give her a good home and be kind to her," Caroline began, lapsing for the moment into her confusing, adult manner.

"Yes, but Richard says that no people nice enough to have a child we



"I FEEL THAT IT MURDERED HER. TAKE IT AWAY"

could want would ever give us the child, don't you see?" the Duchess interrupted eagerly. "He says the father must be a gentleman—and educated—and the mother a good woman. He says there must be good blood behind it. And they must never see it, never ask about it, never want it. He says he doesn't see how I could bear to have a child that any other mother had ever loved."

Caroline sighed.

"Cousin Richard does make up his mind, so!" she muttered.

"He is unreasonable," said the Duchess, suddenly, "unreasonable! He must know all about the child, but the parents must not know about us! Not know our name, even! Just give up the child and withdraw—why, the poorest, commonest people would not do that, and does he expect that people of the kind he requires would be so heartless? We shall never be able to get one—never. And yet he wants one so—almost as much as I!"

The Duchess had forgotten Caroline. Staring at the opal globes she sat, and again the tears rose, brimmed and overflowed.

Caroline slipped off the little stool and walked softly out of the beautiful room. The books glowed jewel-like, the four milky moons swayed ever so little on their brass chains, the white busts looked coldly at the Duchess as she sat crying in her big carved chair,



THE DUCHESS HAD FORGOTTEN CAROLINE. AGAIN HER TEARS RISE, BRIMMED AND OVERFLOWED

and there was nobody that could help at all.

Through the dark, shiny halls she walked—cautiously, for she had had embarrassing lessons in its waxy polish—and paused from force of habit to pat the great white polar bear that made the little reception room such a delightful place. More than the busts



"WHAT HAVE YOU IN YOUR ARMS, DEAR?" SAID THE DUCHESS,
"NOT A DOG, I HOPE"

in the library even, he set loose the fancy, and wiled one away to the enchanted North where the Snow Queen drove her white sled through the sparkling glades, and the Water Baby dived beneath the dipping berg.

Miss Grundman, the trained nurse, appeared in the doorway.

"Did you care to go out with the brougham to-day, dear?" she asked; "Hunt tells me he has to go 'way down town."

"Yes, I'd like to—can you take care of babies, too?" Caroline returned, abruptly.

Miss Grundman started.

"What an odd child you are—of course I can!" she said. "All nurses can; it's part of the training. Have you any you're worried about?" she added, pointedly. Caroline flushed.

"You're making fun o' me," she muttered; "you know very well only grown people have them! I don't mean if they're sick, but can you wash them, and cook the milk in that tin thing, and everything like that?"

"Bless the child, of course I can!" Miss Grundman cried; "you bring me one and I'll show you!"

"Oh, I b'lieve you, Miss Grundman, if you say so," Caroline assured her, and slid carefully along the hall for the stairs that led to her hat and coat.

They spun smoothly down the avenue with an almost imperceptible electric whir, Caroline bolt upright on the plum-colored cushion, Hunt and Gleggson bolt upright on the seat outside.

It was a matter for congratulation to Caroline that of all the vehicles that glided by them none boasted a more upright pair than Hunt and Gleggson.

The tall, brown houses were gradually changing into bright shops; the carriages grew thicker and thicker; the long procession stopped and waited now almost every moment, so crowded was the brilliant street. Once a massive policeman actually smiled at her as Hunt stopped the brougham close to him, and Caroline's admiring soul crowded to her eyes at the mighty wave of his white, arresting hand. They drew up before a great window filled with broughams and victorias displayed as lavishly as if

they had been hats or bonbon boxes—it was like a gigantic toyshop. Hunt dropped acrobatically to the pavement and was seen describing his mysterious desires to an affable gentleman behind the plate-glass; he measured with his knuckles and illustrated in pantomime the snapping of something over his knees; the clerk shook his head in commiseration and signaled to an attendant, who darted off. Soon Hunt appeared with a small package and they started on again, turning a corner abruptly and winding through less exciting streets.

The shops grew smaller and dingier; drays passed lumbering by and street cars jarred along beside them; but vehicles like their own were noticeably lacking. It was plain that they attracted more attention, now, and more than one group of children dancing in the street to the music of the hurdy-gurdy lingered daringly to provoke the thrilling, mellow warning of their horn. At last they stopped at a corner and Hunt dropped again to the pavement, lingering for a short consultation with Gleggson, who pointed once or twice behind them to the small

occupant of the brougham. On this occasion he took with him a mysterious and powerful handle, and Caroline knew that this was precisely equivalent to running away with the horses. He hurried around an unattractive corner, and Gleggson sat alone in front. Five, ten minutes passed. They seemed very dull to Caroline, and she reached for the plum-colored tube, and spoke boldly through it.

"What are we waiting for, please, Gleggson? Where is Hunt?"

"E just stepped off, Miss, for a minute, like. E'll be 'ere directly. Would you wish for me to go and look 'im up, Miss?"

Gleggson spoke very cordially.

"We-ell, I don't know," Caroline said, doubtfully. "If you think he'll be right back—I can wait—"

"Pre'aps I'd better, as you say, Miss," Gleggson continued, "for 'e 'as been gone sometime, and I think I could lay me 'and on 'im. You'll not get out, of course, Miss, and I'll be back before you know it."

He clambered down and took the same general course as Hunt had taken, deflecting, however, to enter a little door made like a window-blind, that failed to reach its own door-sill.

"Hunt didn't go there at all," Caroline muttered, resentfully, and, deliberately opening the door of the brougham, she stepped out.

She had followed Hunt's track quite accurately till a sudden turn confused her, and she realized that after that corner she had no idea in which direction he had gone. She paused uncertainly; the street was dirty, the few children in sight were playing a game unknown to her and not playing very pleasantly, at that; the women who looked at her seemed more curious than kindly. The atmosphere was not sordid enough to be alarming or even interesting; it was merely slovenly and distasteful, and Caroline had almost decided to go back when a young girl stopped by her and eyed her inquisitively.

"Were you lookin' for any particular party?" she asked.

"I was looking for Hunt," said Caroline; "he went this way, I think."

"There's some Hunts across the street there," the girl suggested, "right-hand flat, second floor. I seen the name once. I guess you're lost all right, ain't you?"

"Oh, no," Caroline assured her, "I'm not lost. I can go right back. I'll see if Hunt's there."

The threshold was greasy and worn, the stairs covered with faded oilcloth, the side walls defaced and over-scrawled. At the head of the stairs three dingy doors opened in three different directions, and a soiled card

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The First Lady of the Yukon



THE GOOD SPORT

NOT ONLY A GRACIOUS LADY, BUT A GOOD SPORTSWOMAN AND A "SOUR-DOUGH" WHO EARNED HER RIGHT TO THE TITLE ON THE TRAIL OF NINETY-EIGHT

By John F. Langan

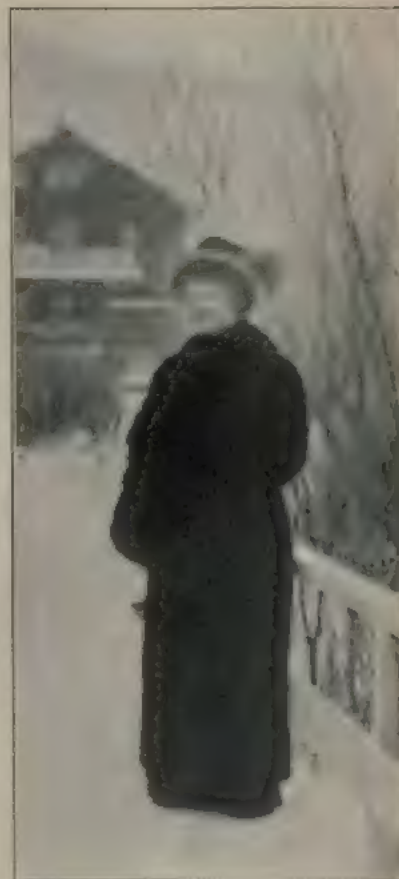
Illustrated from Photographs

Order of the Daughters of the Empire for the best essays written on the subject of "Patriotism." And nothing but patriotism could be ascribed to the Commissioner for Yukon Territory, who himself is an American by birth; but loyal to the Empire in heart and soul.

Mrs. Black is, in Yukon parlance, a "sour-dough," meaning an old timer, or pioneer. She went to Yukon with her brother, George M. Munger, Jr., in the great stampede of gold seekers in 1898. In those days the old timers and newcomers, or tenderfeet, were distinguished by the respective names of "sour dough" and "cheechako," the former arising from the practice of those versed in camp life who used a decoction of sour dough instead of yeast in making bread, and the latter being an Indian word meaning "stranger" or "newcomer." To be entitled to the name of "sour-dough," one must have spent a winter in the territory, have seen the ice form in the Yukon river in the fall, and run out in the spring.

It was before the days of the railroad and the parlor car that this interesting Yukoner made her way on foot across the Chilkoot pass, then teeming with struggling thousands putting forth superhuman effort to convey goods from the seaboard inland to the lakes at the head of the great waterway to the golden Klondike.

Narrowly escaping destruction in the great snow slide that buried numbers of unfortunates on the pass, her experiences included the exhilara-



THE GRACIOUS LADY

SPEAKING of *rapprochements*, the *entente cordiale*, or even of the good, old-fashioned Saxon affair of friendly understanding between Canada and the United States, one might find an interesting sidelight in the study of the Empire Day celebration at Dawson, Yukon Territory, last May.

The address of the evening was made by Mrs. George Black, who, since she is Madam Commissioner for the territory, might perhaps well be called the first lady of the Yukon.

Yet Mrs. Black was not born either in the Yukon or anywhere else in Canada. In point of fact, she is an American. But as wife of the Commissioner, she spoke with enthusiasm of the loyalty due to the British flag and the debt of gratitude which she owed to her adopted country. At the conclusion of the address, she presented prizes offered by the George M. Dawson Chapter of the Imperial

tion and the danger of running Miles Canyon and the Whitehorse Rapids in a small boat. Many outfits and not a few lives were lost that year in those treacherous stretches of water, which year after year have continued to take toll of the lives of even the most experienced boatmen. In these days, travellers to Yukon view these interesting points from the observation cars of the railroad traversing the pass and skirting the Yukon river.

Mrs. Black is the daughter of Mr. George M. Munger, a man of large means and for some time president of a big business combination in the United States. His daughter inherits his business ability. After arriving in the Yukon country and becoming a unit in that wild population of forty thousand souls who thronged the banks of the Yukon at the mouth of the famous Klondike river, she began to cast about for something in the nature of a career. Possessed



A GOOD SNAPSHOT OF COMMISSIONER GEORGE BLACK, TAKEN BY MRS. BLACK ON THEIR LAST YEAR'S HUNTING TRIP

naturally of good business instinct, with all the energy of a man and better business judgment than some men showed, she undertook one or two lumbering and mining ventures, partially financed by the aid of her father. At one time she ran a mill all of her own, and had to fight disgruntled labor and envious competition as well. In this venture she was successful. But yet she was a woman, and in 1904 she left business to marry George Black, a lawyer and politician of Dawson, leader of the Conservative Opposition to the then Liberal government.

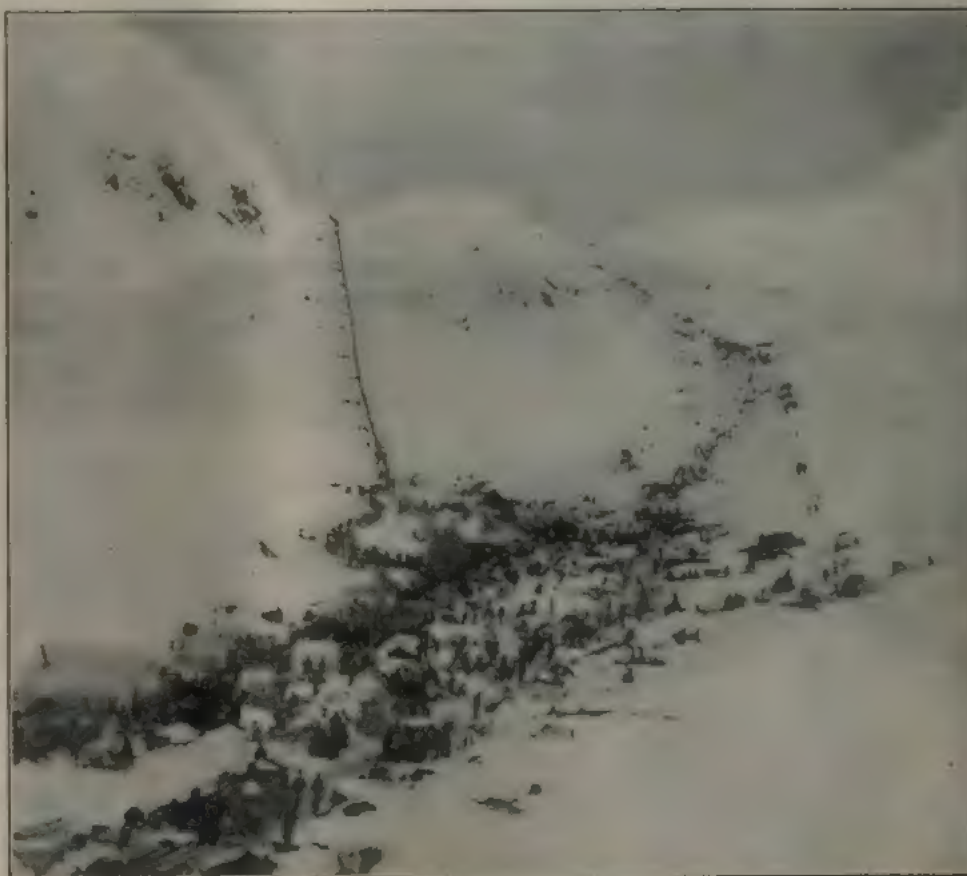
The government of Canada maintains an official residence at Dawson for the Commissioner of Yukon, and since Mrs. Black has been the hostess there, many visitors to the territory and her wide circle of Yukon friends have been welcomed and entertained there most charmingly under her capable and artistic management, the place has been made most attractive, and her cheerful and gracious manner has won popularity, not only for herself, but for the administration. She is an active worker in church and charitable undertakings. Both the senior and junior auxiliary of the Church of England are under her direct patronage, and enjoy the privilege of meeting at the Residency.

A lover of out-of-door life, Mrs. Black finds time to accompany her husband, who is an enthusiastic hunter, on many trips into the woods and the mountains of Yukon. Nor is there the slightest pause on her part when undertaking these expeditions in the

open. She has the love of the out-of-doors in her soul, the love of hill and sky and bird and flower.

Perhaps there is not in all the Dominion of Canada a better botanist. Perhaps, also, no one person has done as much as Mrs. Black towards dispelling the once almost universal idea that Yukon is only a land of snow and ice, and in demonstrating in a most unique and convincing manner that in summer Yukoners are bountifully supplied with sunshine and flowers. In 1908, Mrs. Black prepared a collection of Yukon flowers containing over four hundred different varieties beautifully mounted under glass and sent it to the World's Fair at Seattle, where it attracted wide attention. Shortly after this, the Canadian Pacific railway employed Mrs. Black to prepare a similar display of British Columbia flowers which grow in the vicinity of their mountain resorts. This collection is now to be seen at Banff.

So extensive and thorough has been her botanical knowledge since her youth that at one time she was offered an important commission by the government of Belgium. She declined it, and instead became a Yukon "sour-dough" and wife of the commissioner of the territory, in which capacity, it may be parenthetically remarked, her one particular pride is her ability



CHILKOOT PASS, AS IT LOOKED IN 1908 WHEN MRS. BLACK CROSSED IT WITH HER BROTHER AND THREW IN HER FORTUNES WITH THE YUKON



to make fine bread not built on a sour dough basis.

One day last August, I wandered, camera in hand, through the streets of Dawson, an absolute stranger to the place and all its inhabitants. A little ahead of me, I observed a large and well built residence of more distinction than any others in the town. Moreover, it was noteworthy for the exquisite beauty and neatness of the lawn and flower beds which lay between the street and the entrance stairs. Fresh from a wilderness where few flowers grew, this spot, so full of color and fragrance, so full indeed of the feeling of civilization and home, held great appeal to the stranger. It seemed necessary to make a picture of these Yukon flower beds, and so, with the purpose of asking permission, I rang the front door bell of the mansion, quite ignorant of the fact that it was the official residence of the government of Canada's most northerly territory.

Consent was readily given, although neither the commissioner nor his wife was within at the time—indeed Mrs. Black was absent in Vancouver. But that was the beginning of the very pleasant personal acquaintance which prompts this little history.

It may be of interest to Canadians and Americans alike, this story of a plucky woman who went into the Yukon stampede with the strongest and roughest of men, who came out of it unsullied and successful in every way, and who, by sheer womanliness, reached a woman's happiness as well as the highest social rank possible in her chosen home. For Mrs. Black is not only Madam Commissioner, not only a skilled manager of social functions, but also an efficient housewife, and above all a happy woman of infectious good nature and kindness of heart. She is an example of that curious



MADAM COMMISSIONER AND HER ARTISTIC DRAWING-ROOM AT DAWSON. MRS. BLACK IS AN ENTHUSIASTIC AMATEUR GARDENER, AND HEREIN THE RESIDENCY TELL OF FLOWERS AND PLANTS ALL WINTER LONG.

civilization which has no counterpart anywhere else on the earth. For her, we may wipe out any national lines, and say that she is a product of the West. That means, she would do for any East.

As a young girl, she attended a seminary in Chicago, then for five years was under the tutelage of the Sisters of the Holy Cross at St. Mary's Academy at Notre Dame, Indiana, where she graduated with high honors and was a gold medalist. She does not like to sew, and would rather run a sawmill; but nevertheless she is a fine needlewoman. It has been set down that she can make bread, and

one suspects also that she could fabricate excellent pie, were that not an undignified procedure on the part of a governor's lady.

In her beautiful home at Dawson, Mrs. Black reads much and writes not a little. She is a good walker and an ardent dancer. She rides and drives and shoots. In short, it may be said of her in perhaps as large measure as of any woman in official life in the Dominion that she is no more dignified patroness than she is large-hearted woman and good human being. Which is as much praise as may fall to any woman in any rank of life and in any land.

Slush and Parsimony

by

Frederick William Wallace

Illustrated by J.A. Bayne

PERHAPS I am doing Captain Ezekiel Smith an injustice when I say he was a mean man. He was only inordinately careful of incurring expenses. If you were a friend of the skipper and he met you somewhere with a saloon close aboard, he would buy the drinks just as freely as the next man. But if you were a poor devil of a fore-mast-jack on his Bluenose bark *Trade Wind* you'd say he was too parsimonious even to scrape the verdigris off his sextant for fear he'd lose some of the brass.

"Luggy" Watson, steering at the bark's wheel, thought so, and as he was first trick, it was up to him to size up the calibre of the bark's afterguard and report to the crowd for'ard. With this object first in mind, he kept an eye on the compass, another on the weather leach of the main-royal, and an open ear for quarterdeck conversation between skipper and mate. Watson's auricular appendages were large and receptive, and protruded to starboard and port of his unhandsome bullet head like studdingsails, and his shipmates were wont to say that the ship made a knot an hour more when running with square yards during Luggy's trick at the wheel. However that has nothing to do with the story but it will serve to show that most of Captain Smith's loud conversation, vibrated on Luggy's tympanums.

The bark had just dropped a tow-boat outside of Newcastle, N. S. W., and the price exacted by the tug's skipper for pulling the heavy, coal-laden vessel to sea caused the tight-fisted Nova Scotian to exude perspiration and profanity when he thought over it.

"Sink me!" he rumbled to the mate as they paced the weather aleys. "I hope I'll never see that cursed place again. What with a dock strike, two months in the fifth tier alongside the Dyke and the price them blasted crimps screwed me for a crew of no-

sailors and sojers, I've had a session and no fatal error. Then this blamed tug sticks me for as much in towage as his kettle is worth. Lord Harry! it's been the very devil, but I'm through with it after this. As soon as this craft gets to Frisco, she goes to the cannery companies. Then I go back east and lay up."

"Then ye've decided t' sell her, Cap'en?" queried the mate.

"Aye! She goes to the Alaska Cannery Company as soon as we get the cargo out of her. They've offered me a fair price, and as windjammer freights have gone to hell these days, I cal'late I'll take it."

This part of the conversation hardly

interested Mr. Watson. He didn't care a continental what happened to the bark after she arrived, and he was engaged in correcting the flapping leach of the main t'gallan's'l, when more momentous talk floated in his direction and caused him to strain his auditory nerves.

"Spruce her up—" it was the skipper talking—"she's got to look her best when we arrive. . . . crew. . . . paid forty dollars blood money for them. . . . work 'em up good . . . beachcombers and Sydney larrikins. . . . haze 'em. . . . they'll cut and run soon's we strike Frisco Bay. . . . leave it to you'n second mate. . . ."

"Th' nawsty brute," commented Watson, and his spirits fell like the barometer in a West India hurricane when he saw the chief blower smack a horny palm with a heavy fist in anticipatory glee of planting said fist on some poor flatfoot's physiognomy in the near future. When the wheel was relieved, Luggy and the port watch went below, and to an apprehensive crowd he retailed the skipper's conversation. Comments were naturally lurid and blasphemous.

"The 'orriddest kind o' skippers t' sail wiv is the ones like our ol' man. 'E's a bleedin' Bluenose t' begin wiv, an' 'e's so cussed mean that 'e'd swipe th' pennies from the eyes of a corpse. 'E probably owns a part o' this soft wood hooker an' 'e'll sure to' be an 'oly terror for savin' expenses. An' ye



WHEN LUGGY WAS RELIEVED AT THE WHEEL HE WENT BELOW AND RETAILED THE SKIPPER'S CONVERSATION TO AN APPREHENSIVE CROWD

sh'd 'ave seen th' nawsty wye th' bloomin' myte smacks 'is bloomin' mitts togevver when th' ol' man told 'im to sock it to us. Hidjious, I calls it. Sye, 'oo's Peggy? Go aft an' git th' grub."

When the ordinary seaman brought in the hookpot of tea, the bucket of pea soup and the mess kit of salt pork and potatoes, Mr. Watson was curiously indignant.

"Look at this truck!" he cried. "Shore grub's finished now, an' we've got t' fill our insides wiv this. Look at this bucket o' bullet soup—salt water an' gravel, I calls it. Tea—water bewitched an' tea begrudged,—an' this 'ere pork—Lord! reg'lar Lizzie McGuire for sure. No bloomin' wonder th' police couldn't find no bloomin' trace of her." And he cut his whack with evident disgust.

Then the cook ambled in, full to the back teeth with portentous information. "What d'ye think o' th' grub, boys?"

"Rotten!" snarled a chorus of surly voices.

The cook nodded. "'Tain't nawthin' to what's comin' though. Th' beef fair stunk as me'n th' stooard opened up a cask, while th' pork an' biscuit 'ud make a limejuicer sick. Th' stooard said he never laid eyes on sich rotten truck in all his life. He had to lay down in his bunk for a spell arter breakin' out th' stores—th' butter an' pork fair turned his stomach—"

"Th' hell ye say," growled the port watch resentfully, and Luggy hove his pannikin down and spoke prophetically. "Yus! we're in for it. 'Twill be nigger-drivin' frum here to Golden Gyte an' look up an' stand frum under the 'ole bloomin' v'y'ge."

A British colonial ship is not a "limejuicer," and though both fly the same ensign, yet the laws which govern both have different interpretations. Strike a seaman aboard a British vessel and he will have you "logged" and heavily fined for violating the articles of the merchant shipping act as soon as he can enter a complaint with the first consul.

If the vessel is a Bluenose, Mr. Consul will make a deprecatory gesture and inform you that he has no jurisdiction over Canadian ships.

"Very sorry, y'know, but you'd better send youah complaint to Canada. The authorities theah will look into it foah you." If you are in Valparaiso, the recommendation is likely to be acted upon.

The *Trade Wind* was a Bluenoser; the master was Nova Scotian; the mate was Downeast Yankee, and the second greaser was an Aberdeen Scotchman who had "bumped up against the odious merchant shipping act so



THE BARK HAD JUST DROPPED HER WHEAT AND FLOUR BUNKS BY THE DECK SKIFFER
LOOKING THE OTHER WAY, A COUPLE OF CHUNKS OF GREYISH GREASE
FLOATING NEAR THE BARK

often that he gloried in being able to break most of its regulations with impunity. With such a combination in authority, the bark's foremast crowd had a hot time.

It was hotter still when they drifted into a calm belt in twenty south, and the mates had both their watches over the side in boats and on painting stages daubing the bark's topsides with a mixture of lampblack and kerosene. The sea stretched in a huge plain of silent glassiness, and overhead a copper sun literally scorched the perspiring men working in the torrid heat. Under the grateful shade of an awninged poop lolled the mates superintending the work—irritable with the heat and

savage with the feelings induced by stagnant calm.

The skipper had been leaning over the taffrail, and, flopping in his carpet slippers, he came forward to the two mates.

"Say," he said. "There's a power of good looking slush floating on the water hereabouts. See those two lumps there?" And he pointed to a couple of chunks of greyish grease floating near the bark.

"Must be dumped from the galleys of those Australian liners. They're very wasteful, but we can use it for slushing down the masts. Send one of your boats after it with an empty barrel. See, there's several pieces around."

And the mate hid a smile as he called out to the men painting in the quarter-boat. "Git a bar'l'n scowp up that slush ye see floatin' around. Stow it away in th' paint room."

"Auld man is grreat on savin' things," remarked the Aberdonian second mate lazily puffing away at his pipe.

"Aye," returned the other. "He'd b'lie his father's body for th' tallow. Mean as hell."

The calm lasted long enough to get the bark's hull painted to the water-line. Then as they box-hauled the windjammer through the doldrums and across the equator, the over-worked crew were kept busy rattling down and setting up the rigging in the sweating heat. In the tropical rainstorms they worked around the decks chipping rust and scraping cable, and the mates spent the best part of their time planning work-up jobs.

"Remember," the skipper had said

"those sojers have got to skip out when we make port, so make it hot for them. They're signed on for a return voyage to Australia again, you know, but, as no return voyage is going to be made I want them to jump the ship. See that they do." And the mates did their best to see.

Dutch Willy had four of his front teeth knocked out by coming in violent contact with a jib hank, said hank being over the greaser's doubled up fist. Willy's crime consisted in dropping a margarine can full of tar over the side. Luggy Watson was fanned to sleep for a whole watch with a greenheart belaying pin skilfully manipulated by the downeast mate. Luggy's offence was dozing at the wheel one night and getting the fore-royal aback. Captain Smith put the port watch "on allowance" because they came aft and complained of the food, and the luckless shellbacks merely existed on

the religious prescription of diet *a la* Board of Trade. Altogether both watches had an exciting time, and the Maine mate was thinking of qualifying for a "white hope" with the amount of pugilistic exercise he had been putting in on the *Trade Wind's* crowd. So you will understand that the bark was not exactly an ocean Valhalla.

Seaman Watson, being a man of a little more spirit than the spineless creatures who made up the rest of his watch, made up his mind that he would "get" the mate sooner or later. He made a very fair try one day while aloft on the mizzen fitting a new maintopgallantsail brace lead block, but unfortunately the officer stepped away just as the heavy article struck the white planks of the deck and made a visible dent. As the Yankee mate did not believe in accidents, Luggy was received at the weather rigging and

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The Town That Wouldn't Wait



WAITING FOR THE LUMBER

By Edwin Balmer

Author of "Via Wireless," "Surakarta,"
"Counsel for the Defence," etc.

Illustrated from Photographs

ACCORDING to the map in my atlas, barely five years old, there appeared to be nothing where we were going. Central British Columbia showed as a bare pink expanse broken only by the wavy lines of rivers, the globular or oval shapes of lakes. Sparsely—very sparsely—names of a few forts were printed on the page. Fort George, Fort St. James, and one or two others, reflected the ancient Hudson's Bay Company and the romance of the fur trade. Except for here and there an Indian village, the atlas proclaimed no other settlements from the Yellow Head Pass through the Rockies on the edge of Alberta west and north to the old Indian traders' town of Hazelton where the cascades of the Bulkley rush into the Skeena river some hundred

miles above the Pacific tidewater.

I turned to a certain timetable map for later information, which if not dated down to that day of May, 1914, on which I was seeking information, at least would be only a few months old.

Across that empty pink space ran a heavy black line recording the route of the continent's newest rails, and

dotted with white points beside which were printed names denoting towns, no less than one hundred and six of them between Mount Robson and Prince Rupert on the sea. And though it was plain that my five-year-old atlas told of antiquity—as antiquity is appreciated in western Canada—it was evident that the second map must look at least a little into the future. In one of those white-dotted towns about midway between

the Alberta-British Columbia boundary and the coast, I had a sentimental interest. Which map, at that moment, told of it more truly?

From Winnipeg west there were four of us. We "roughed it" in the luxury of steel trains, compartments, dining car and hotels unexcelled in Chicago. Writing for Eastern Canadians and Americans south of the international boundary, it would be necessary to stop to tell of Winnipeg. I thought I knew it, having been there five years before; but now I was a stranger in its streets. It's going ahead altogether too fast to be photographed except by a moving picture concern releasing at least a reel each day. Two hundred thousand people yesterday. Today, who knows? We could not count them as they poured from the gates of the stations of the three trans-continental on that sunny day of May.

Yet look at the Manitoba page of an atlas only a generation ago, and what was there? A trading post. We left the hospitality of the great chateau, white and towering, which watches the way of the newest line to the western coast here beginning to turn more to the north as it passes the prairies. We took the train for another night and another day and were in



ONE OF THE REASON

Edmonton. It was a dot, denoting a traders' post, little more than a decade ago. Now? A capital city stands on the heights above the Saskatchewan river. A conservative citizen estimated that the present population was seventy thousand; but a couple of hundred more must have come into the city the day we did.

Many of these were bound for those dots along the railway further west; and some hundreds of those who had arrived before us were also waiting for service to take them further. But just then they could not go on.

When we left home, we were cheerfully certain of getting through to Prince Rupert. Our friends nodded politely and wished us a pleasant trip. They didn't know anything at all

about it. If we intended to go, and had tickets from one point to another, doubtless there must be trains running between those points. If there was a line from Winnipeg to Edmonton—about as definitely known to the average inhabitant of the United States as Denver is to the average Englishman—and if beyond Edmonton there was still more rail to a hitherto absolutely unknown point yecept Prince George, why should there not be trains running still further? Beyond Edmonton to them was unknown, a wilderness.

It is a strange commentary upon nationalism that this was so. For the route of the new line from Edmonton west to the coast clings about as closely as a railroad can to an imaginary line once famous about the world as "Fifty-four Forty." To make that line a northern boundary, and to win the wonderful domain below that line, the United States once was ready to go to war. But the British knew too much to grant that domain away and the international boundary finally was fixed far to the south; so since the time of "Fifty-four Forty or Fight" that country, in the opinion of the American, has become undesirable wild waste. You may recall that the fox took to entertaining some similar sentiments towards those grapes which hung too high. At any rate, no one in the States seemed to know and few were more than politely curious as to whether a railroad now was running along that parallel once claimed by the United States for its boundary.



IT WAS NOT THE FIRST TIME

Winnipeg, of course, was more than concerned. Besides being interested, Winnipeg also knew—enough to give us our first grave doubts of ability to "get through" over the line. At Edmonton, a day and a night nearer to the front, we began to meet men who had been further west just recently, and our doubts of getting through doubled.

As far west of Edmonton as the east bank of the Fraser river the road was in operation. At a new town called McBride, we were to lie overnight. Beyond McBride, a hundred and thirty miles to where the Fraser river meets the Nechaco and turns south toward Soda Creek, a tri-weekly train would take us westward.

So a pullman train took us out of Edmonton in the night for McBride, and in the morning the mountains were about us.

It had been my fortune before this trip to encounter the Rockies in Mexico where they shut off Chihuahua from Sinaloa, to cross them at two different points in the United States and to meet them also on the southern edge of Canada. Each crossing of this mighty mountain range was widely different from the others, and here again were new scenery and experiences

You do not know the Rockies of the Yellow Head merely because you may have crossed mountains of the same name elsewhere on the continent. The Yellow Head Pass—Tete Jaune still clings as the name of a station there—shows strange delights and stretches of scenery all its own. It is an interesting but yet a minor matter that Mount Robson, which towers above the track of the new railroad, is the giant of the mountains of Canada.

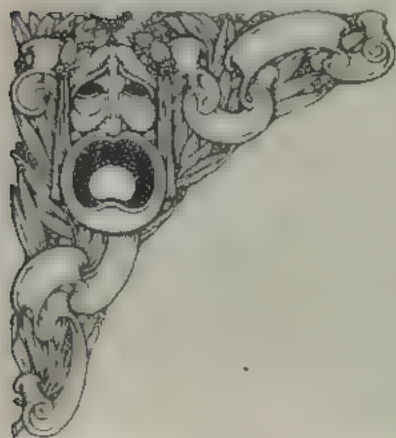
It is not the few hundred feet of superiority in height which adds so greatly to the grandeur at that point; nor is it entirely the circumstance that the new transcontinental road was found a pass of so slight elevation that the traveller on the train is treated to almost the entire height of these Titanic ranges. There is a breadth and sweep to the slopes below the snow-capped summits about Tete Jaune something like the mighty mountains rising above Mexico City.

And beside the track here at Tete Jaune, as the train runs through these mountains of the north, long lakes lie shimmering in the sun, mile after mile as the cars speed by. Beside them, the grade is level; beyond them the track does not seem to climb. And as you view these scenes of the wild

unpeopled mountains strange to you, you receive the sense that these views are new to others—that few have been through that pass before you. Here and there now, you see the log sides and roof beams of the shacks of construction camps just recently deserted; one or two of them still hold a few tenants, as the canvas roofing, still remaining, tells; and clothing is on a line, blown by the mountain breeze.

A little after noon we stop at McBride, a tiny, straight-sided, unpainted town, arraying itself in squares beside the track. A station stands there of the type marking the end of a railroad division; long lines of cars wait on the tracks of the yards opposite. Somewhere between McBride and Prince George, another divisional point away to the west, is the single train which attempts the hundred and thirty miles of road where, although it is in operation, the ballast train is still at work. The train is bound east now, returning from the hither bank of the Fraser, opposite Prince George. If it gets in this evening, we will start out on board it at five in the morning, for the return trip. Sometime after we had gone to bed in the sleeping car which brought us from Edmonton, it got in. We

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"Motherer"

ALTHOUGH AT EIGHT YEARS JACK WAS AN OLD, OLD PLAY-GOER, THE IMMORTAL GLORIES OF THE WILD WEST AND ITS INDIANS BETRAY HIM TO A FALL

By Clara Morris

Illustrated by V. C. Forsythe



HE was the son of my good friend, the actress who played old women in the company of which I was a modestly hopeful member. I had not then, for all my burning eloquence, attained the dignity of long skirts; and the short frocks I wore seemed to differentiate me from his mother and sister and the sex generally, and to create a bond as of despised youthfulness between us.

A slender little chap he was, with large eyes, in color the intense blue of a June sky. He had been christened John Brandish, but of course he was Johnnie to the members of his immediate family, just as he was "Jack" to

the "gang"—the moderately disreputable collection of street boys whom he called his friends—and to me.

He was a solemn little creature in the house, and among the members of the company; but on the street, freed from the weight of his professional dignity, he was a veritable little imp of mischief. In every lad's being there are two boys—the whooping, yelling, go-a-swimming, hang-on-behind, hit-him-again, small scalawag is one, and the other is an ambitious, when-I'm-a-man dreamer of dreams—mother-loving, sensitive, and dumb.

Little Jack Brandish would have been precisely like a thousand other

small males of his age had it not been that his mother's profession was acting. As a baby he slept on her dressing shelf amidst the paints and powders, cold cream and wigs, and all the paraphernalia of her craft. Later he was securely tied in a chair in the dressing room while his mother was on the stage; and finally, as a very little chap, he had been allowed the run of the theater during rehearsals. At eight he was an old, old playgoer; and, quite incidentally, as clever a critic of play or players as I have ever met. But his theatrical side was never shown to anyone outside of his small home circle. By no possible chance did he ever

speak to landlady, boarder, or street boy, of his relation to the theater. He was not ashamed of it, but his mother thought it was vulgar and ill bred to talk shop.

Jack did not get on well with his tall sister who, ten years older than himself, was one of that large body of people who would gladly welcome a second Herod and a new edict that would sweep all small boys from the face of the earth. For me, Jack had a sort of frisking, blundering, puppy-dog affection. Secretly I sewed up many a small jacket or shirt before his mother saw them, and in return he would pat my shoulder and sympathize with my own great trouble. "Say, I'm awful sorry your mother won't—but I'd think you'd like short skirts better'n draggy-tailed dresses. When you got 'em you wouldn't be any good any more, but just like Blanche, full of airs."

Though his relations with his mother were often strained and her manner toward him was generally one of chill dignity and reserve, still, in a sort of surreptitious way, they loved each other tenderly. She was a woman ponderous and of amazing girth, whose movements reminded me of the solemn advance of an iceberg.

Jack in his character of street gamin mortified his mother cruelly. On these occasions I did not know which of the two to be sorriest for.

Once, when we were all on our way to rehearsal, we turned a corner to find ourselves in the heart of a crowd of ragamuffins yelling "Clear the way!" In the middle of the excited throng, Jack, barcheaded, in shirt sleeves, with perspiration pouring down his pale little face, was straining to the harness of a reeking garbage cart—the owner of which ran by his side holding Jack's coat and hat and the penny demanded for the sweet-scented privilege.

Mrs. Brandish came to a full stop, quivering as a mighty jelly quaking to its fall, and in a voice choked with passion she commanded him to leave the gutter and his unspeakable occupation and wait her coming at home. "Yea'um," was the only answer Jack vouchsafed. But his eyes were big and troubled, and he turned homeward without a backward look.

But behind us, as we resumed our walk, we had left a sudden tornado of discord. As we had proceeded, Mrs. Brandish's great size and peculiar movement, aggravated by the dignity of her state of mind, provoked the sarcasm of one of the "gang," who pointed after her yelling.

"Say! Get onto the haystack! Ain't she the biggest thing on ice?"

The words were scarcely uttered when little Jack, with the fury of a young beast, had dashed his puny fists into the offender's face, and in return he was beaten and battered almost out of shape. But before he was seriously injured the other boys intervened. "Hey, Bill, hold on there! She's his old woman—that's Jack's mudder. Let up, I say! He's all right, she's going to lick him herself for hauling Paddy's cart."

All this I heard long after. When we came home that afternoon after the fatigue of an unusually trying rehearsal,



there sat little Jack on the steps, very pale about the lips, with a cut forehead, and a blackened eye that had been treated to a cold-meat application by a kindly Irish maid who still hovered in his vicinity.

Jack had two peculiarities of speech. He invariably added a syllable to the word mother, making it "motherer" and instead of saying, "I shall never forget," he ever and always exclaimed "Oh, I shall never remember the time." Now as his mother stopped, looking down on him with the curled lip of contempt, expressive of her loathing for fighting, he put out an unsteady hand to touch her skirt and stammered in a deprecating way: "Motherer—now you see, motherer—" But she pulled

her skirt away. "No, sir," she said, "there are two settlements to make! Go on up stairs!"

Her meaning was unmistakable, and I throttled an impulse to intercede—but the excitable Irish girl broke out with, "Sure, mum, you'd never be so cruel as to strike the poor bruised body of him that's only been fighting boys big enough to ate him, because they insulted you, mum, on account of your size." I could not see that the implacable bulk of Mrs. Brandish was affected, but Jack pointed to the girl with a face red with anger "Aw—what do you want to tell her that for?" he snapped. "If motherer wants to lick me—let her. I belong to her, don't I?" And he limped painfully after her up the stairs.

As I paused at their door a minute, I saw Mrs. Brandish remove her gloves, bonnet, and wrap, while he watched her with big, anxious eyes, his little thin legs trembling from their upward climb. She did not speak for a minute and when she did, it was only to say, "Come here, Johnnie!" Then she took his hand and led him, still in silence, to the wash basin where she bathed his cut head and bruised face. In my room I heard several "ouches" but nothing indicating a thrashing—for Jack was apt to be fairly noisy over these heart-to-heart interviews with his mother.

I slipped into the hall again presently. Mrs. Brandish's door was still ajar. Jack was kneeling before her as she placed the last bit of plaster over his wounded eye. As I looked he rose, and in rising turned ghastly white and reeled against his mother. The child had fainted. I flew to the rescue, found a bottle of salts and opened the window, while Mrs. Brandish gathered her son's fair head to her breast. I saw her face was working painfully as she ministered to him. As last the big blue eyes opened and he smiled a slow faint smile. As she stooped to kiss him she said

"I'm sorry, Johnnie, your mother is so much bigger than other women."

"I'm not, motherer! I like you bigger," and slipping an arm about her neck, he cuddled his aching head closer, and closed his eyes again.

At a very tender age, Jack, as is generally the case with actresses' children, had been pressed into service and had played all the Shakespearean small fry; Fleance the Duke of York the Prince, his brother, et cetera. In "temperance" plays, which he hated, he had been wept and prayed over and put to bed before the audience to slow music; while in Indian plays he had been "bloodily avenged" by the brave frontiersmen in tom-skin caps, and an

often had been "treacherously murdered at his innocent sport" by the savage redskins. He always showed a most commendable attention to all directions, standing patiently at his mother's knee, learning by ear the lines she read and reread to him.

That was the theatrical side of him; but whenever he acquired a penny and his freedom, he uttered an ear-piercing whoop and hurled himself into the street, where he could find the gang and indulge his wild passion for marbles.

Jack brought his favorite alleys and agates to me, as my admiration, which was genuine, was grateful to him. Thus it was to me he came, shaking with excitement, to gasp triumphantly: "I've got it! I've won it! Patsy Grogan's great agate—see!" And he held out the spiral red-and-white beauty.

That same night he played the *Prince* in "Richard III." and a very charming figure he made, his delicate features and blond head rising effectively above the dense darkness of his black velvet suit, his slender limbs encased in black silk hose. He was an ideal young Plantagenet. Waiting for his cue, he drew forth the wonderful marble and was gloating over it when the prompter called for the *Prince*. He had no pocket—his jacket was tightly closed—so he made his entrance upon the stage with the big marble tightly clutched in his right hand, but he kept his wits about him and gave the familiar line, "I want more uncles here to welcome me—" with such winning grace, that quick applause followed. As he extended his hand to his savage uncle, Richard of Gloucester, to kiss, the star caught it so roughly to his lips that the strained little fingers lost their grip and that big marble shot out, struck the slanting stage, went rolling, rolling till it finally brought up at the very footlights. And then the storm broke. That bit of red and white glass, blinking in the glare of the footlights, had knocked the play into a cocked hat; sent Shakespeare higher than Gilderoy's kite; put out the star in one round; and sent Jack's mother into a rigid, black-velvet-and-jet fit in the first entrance.

After his thrashing that night I slipped into his room. I knew nothing to do for him but to apply some camphorated oil to the welts on his thin shoulders. "You see," he explained, twisting his wet little face at the smart, "she got me to-night 'cause this time I couldn't yell loud enough to stop her, like I mostly do. I'd have waked up the boarders, and that would have shamed poor motherer awful."

It was during the next season when I was still at the old stand, and the Brandishes playing in another and

distant city, that one day the manager received a telegram asking tersely:

"Have you seen my Johnnie in Columbus?"

Jane Brandish."

And this again was followed by the message from a brother manager.

"Spare no expense—fear for little chap's mind. Ran away, perhaps after Indians—hunt up former boy chums. Things bad here."

R. M."

We were all shocked—all sympathetic. I gave the names of Patsy Grogan, Blindy Pete and big Jim Moran; but their aristocratic addresses were unknown to me. I could do no more.

Next day Hattie, my roommate, and I sat in sad silence in our dull boarding-house room, glooming over the missing boy and his frantic mother. I heard a tap on the door and a possibility flashed in my mind. I opened the door very quietly, and there in the dingy hall, poised on one foot, the other extended ready for an instant flight, stood little Jack Brandish. With one swift glance he swept first the room beyond, then turning to me gave a little startled gasp and shrank violently away. But my hand was on his shoulder, while I laughed: "No, Jack, no you don't! Draggle-tail dresses have not changed me one bit! But come in from this freezing hall and let us talk a while; I'm so glad to see you!"

When I had drawn him into the better lighted room, his appearance shocked me. So I had to turn my face aside to wink away the tears, while he rather stiffly received the greeting of Hattie, who at once donned hat and cloak.

"Where's she going?" he asked suspiciously, as he tried to edge toward the door. "To the theater?"

"Oh, no," responded Hattie, lightly, "I'm only going down to Bains, to try to match this ribbon," and she snipped a bit off a piece lying on the table.

As she left I sprang after her and under cover of a laughing wrangle about her habit of leaving the door open, "Find the manager—send him quick, but tell him not to let Jack know I sent for him." Then I closed the door and turned to find my guest almost holding the small stove in his arms in his eagerness for warmth; for the cold seemed to have penetrated the very marrow of his quaking little body. As I busied myself mending the fire, I asked: "Whatever brought you to Columbus, Jack?"

"Oh," said he, passing a chapped and inflamed hand across his brow in a careless man-about-town manner, "I—er, I just came up to see the boys and enjoy a little skating."

A lump rose in my throat, for his fair hair, decently smoothed in front, at

the back treacherously betrayed him, as there were tangled in it wisps of straw and hay. Poor little runaway!

Turning to me, he said, "You used to know lots of things! I want to know if the men lied to me the other night, riding along in the caboose; they said that the wild Indians of the plains were farther away from Columbus than Columbus is from Cincinnati—but that's a boulder, ain't it?"

"No, I'm afraid not, Jack. The Indians are days and nights farther away to the West, and besides they are not wild; there are only tame Indians now."

"Who tamed 'em—Sunday-school teachers?"

"No, not exactly. Uncle Sam's soldiers labored with them earnestly, and his cavalry is still coaxing them to keep off the war path, and do a little farming."

"Have they stopped destroying the gently nurtured white women with babes in their arms?"

I tried not to smile as I recognized that speech from a wretched border drama.

"Yes, the gently nurtured are perfectly safe now."

"Well, if they've cut out the war dance, the scalps, and the slaughter of women and babes, why, that busts up the Indian business, and I s'pose it doesn't matter so much about Blindy Pete being a back-down and turncoat. Why, last season he wouldn't ever let me rest, he was so crazy to go hunt redskins. He wanted me to hook two coon-skin caps from the property man, and said he'd rip the fringe all off the window shades, so we could sew it down our breeches legs, like hunters do. And he stole his father's hatchet for a tomahawk, and his mother licked him for trying to take a blanket for us to sleep in. And then when I come back here, all ready to go West with him, he began to back down!"

As he had talked I noticed how he had pressed first one arm and wrist, then the other, hard across his stomach, moving restlessly in his chair. Then at a smell of cooking coming from the kitchen, he ceased speaking and there was a quivering about his colorless lips that aroused a certain suspicion in me—yet I dared not speak out plainly, lest he should take sudden fright. Instead, I asked:

"Have you seen anyone besides Blindy Pete yet?"

"Well, I went over to big Jim Moran's house"—he paused.

"Yes?"—he was rather a decent boy. You saw him?"

"N-n-no, not to speak to. I looked in at the window, and they were all just sitting down to supper, and—(his voice sank very low)—and I was

(Continued on page 341)

THE WOMAN OF IT

By Alan Adair

Author of "THE APOSTACY OF JULIAN FULKE," "JOAN," etc.

Illustrated By
Katherine Southwick

SYNOPSIS

This novel of English society opens with a prologue showing Robert Sinclair as a boy in Rome. He angers his father, a cashiered captain, by wanting to become a singer, and is brutally beaten. Mother and son leave Rome that night, the boy regretting only his parting with his playmate, Denzil Merton.

The scene changes to London. Lord Merton is giving a box party at the opera for the family of a Canadian railway man, with whose daughter, Valerie Monro, he is deeply in love. When the new tenor who is to make his premier in the role of the Knight Lohengrin comes on, Merton recognizes him as his boyhood friend, Robert Sinclair. Valerie is strangely impressed by the tenor but chides herself for being as silly about him as the other women of the party. Merton tells her he is going to call on Sinclair the next day, which he does, and finds Sinclair eager to renew their boyish acquaintance. Merton tells him that Valerie wants to meet him, but he laughs and intimates the Lohengrin's armour has dazzled her a little. Merton disclaims this, saying, "She is not like that," and when Mrs. Monro sends the singer a card for her next ball, Merton persuades him to accept. Valerie perversely snubs him. Later in the evening a lighted candle falls on her, and Sinclair puts out the fire, burning his hands. Valerie attempts to thank him, and ends by a gust of hysterical tears which washes away the coldness between them. They start afresh on their acquaintanceship, and she invites Sinclair to come and see them. However, their next meeting is at the Duchess of Northshire's musicale, where Sinclair is a lion. She promises him three dances at Lady Merton's ball. Feeling intuitively that Merton will ask her to marry him, she tells herself, "To-night I will be happy. After that, the deluge!" She coquettes with Sinclair, and provokes him until at last he takes her in his arms, and admits that he loves her. Then, coming to himself, he puts her away, saying, "There is Denzil, my friend—and yours." She tells him, "He will ask me to marry him, to-night. What shall I say to him?" Sinclair grips her by the shoulder and says fiercely, "You aren't going to marry him! Do you hear me?" Then, coming to himself, he puts her away. He will not take Denzil's beloved away from him, and he tells Valerie he loves her too much to marry her, that he would not make her happy, that he loves his work more than any woman. Valerie cannot understand this altogether, but he forces her to accept the fact that he will not marry her, and later in the evening she accepts Denzil. When Sinclair reaches home, his father is asleep in his room, having come to beg for money on the strength of the fact that he is the next heir to the baronetcy of Abbott's Wood, and Sir Fulke Sinclair is a very old and feeble man. His son settles two hundred pounds a year on him, and tells him that it is only on condition that the captain never show his face near his son again, never write to him or communicate with him. The elder Sinclair consents, borrows all the gold the son has in his pockets at the moment, and goes off with a pitiful attempt at jauntiness, leaving the young man alone. Valerie, as Denzil's fiancée, goes with the Mertons to Barraunmuir, for the shooting. After much persuasion Sinclair comes for a few days and is shocked to find how thin and white Valerie has grown. Diphtheria breaks out in the village and Denzil is anxious about her, but she laughs it off. Captain Sinclair turns up and demands more money from his son, which Robert refuses to give. In a rage, the captain threatens to ask Lord Merton for a loan. Meantime Valerie, noticing that Robert is amused by pretty Lolly Brent, believes that he is falling in love with her and cannot endure it. She meets him, and for a moment both lose their control over themselves. He takes her in his arms, and kisses her passionately, but swiftly realizes his treachery to Denzil, and sends her back to the house. As he waits in the copse for the shooting party to come up, he hears something or somebody stealing off through the woods, and it suddenly comes to him that perhaps it is his father. He waits, for the moment after a vain attempt to get money from Denzil—puts out the story of their meeting—Shirley Valerie Robert tells Denzil that he has always loved her, but that she is indifferent to him, and decides to leave Barraunmuir the next day, saying to himself that he will never come back.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

His heart contracted at the words. Valerie's only safety, and his own, lay in his keeping away from her. But he was a simple soul, though a great singer, and it hurt him keenly to think of leaving Denzil and Lady Merton. They were like brother and mother to him, and his friends were few. Yet he never questioned that he must cut himself off from them. "There must be no half-measures," he told himself. "Have I not got enough?" Yet his heart ached in spite of his philosophy, as hearts have a way of doing. He walked on swiftly—he was in the village now—looking carefully about him lest his father should step out of one of the houses and accost him. At this moment he felt that he could not bear a meeting with the captain.

Two figures some distance ahead of him were the only ones in sight, and after a second glance, he noted that they were Denzil and Valerie. He could catch the characteristic swing of her free walk. It was raining briskly by this time, and they were walking rapidly; but at his pace he gained on them nevertheless, and he checked himself. What was he to do? He could not pass them nor walk beside them. Besides, he did not want to obtrude himself upon them after his talk with Denzil this morning.

Suddenly the rain changed its tempo, and from a steady patter became a driving pour. Valerie and Denzil took shelter under the porch of a cottage. Sinclair saw no other way of escape than to ask for shelter in one of the cottages near by.

A woman opened the door to him when he knocked. She looked untidy and as if she had been crying. When he asked her if he might take shelter out of the rain, she said doubtfully, "If you want to."

"Just for a few moments," he explained.

She still stood by the door, looking at him in a perplexed way, and then her perplexity found voice.

"My little girl is ill," she explained.

"Is she? I'm sorry," said he sympathetically. "What is wrong with her? Have you had the doctor?"

"It is this catching complaint in the throat," said the woman. "We were to be very careful not to let strangers or any one from the great house come in."

He understood now why she had seemed so inhospitable.

"I am staying at the great house," he said, "but I will not go near the child. It will not hurt if I stay here by the window, will it? I don't think I could carry any germs away with me."

"We were told not to let anyone in," said the woman again. "However, sir, I told you."

"Yes, you warned me," he reassured her. "I will stay only a few moments until the rain ceases a little."

At the window he kept a wary eye on Valerie and Denzil, and when he saw them gather up their umbrellas and move away from their shelter in the porch he followed them at a distance.

He wondered how the day had passed with them. Whatever had

happened, they seemed on their usual terms now. Valerie had thrust her hand through Denzil's arm, so that his umbrella was sheltering her, a thing which must have been irksome to her as she was much taller than he. But she did it as she did many things with the thoroughness and courage that characterized her.

The day had left its mark on Denzil and Valerie had asked him once or twice if he were quite well. He had remained in the study for about an hour after Robert had left him, shattered by the emotion that he had gone through. Then he had captured his mother and asked Lady Merton to beg of Valerie to go out with him that afternoon instead of the morning—he had, he told her, a great deal to do.

After lunch he was able to meet her almost as usual and they walked. Valerie electrified him by saying, "I want to go to Japan, Denzil—we were going this year, you know, so you will have to take me instead of father!"

"I will take you to the ultimate ends of the earth," he said.

"I know," she laughed, "but Japan will do. When are you going to leave this, Denzil?"

"Why?" he asked, "are you tired of Barranmuir, Valerie?"

"No, I could not be tired of it—but I want to have a month or so quietly with Dad. You cannot tell how much I am to him!"

"Can't I?" he asked in an amused tone of voice.

"No, you can't. You see, you love me in a different fashion. I am just the woman to you. Dad sees in me only the little girl, grown up, but still rather wilful and naughty."

"I often wonder what sort of a little girl you were!"

"Horrid," she said. "Now you know, Denzil!"

He laughed and she laughed and they walked on under the one umbrella. Denzil felt a sense of peace and security creep over him. Nothing had happened after all. This morning he had thought to see Hell open under his feet and now he knew that it had all been a mistake. True, he knew that Robert loved Valerie, but then so many men must do that! And somehow Denzil did not believe that it was in his friend to care very deeply for any woman.

"He is different from the rest of us," he said to himself, "he has his voice and his art—and I have Valerie!"

So gradually the effects of this morning's scene wore away and he could laugh when she told him, that she had been a horrid little girl.

"It seems a long time ago," she said, breaking upon his quiet musing.

"That you were a little girl?"

"That I was a girl at all! In fact it seems a long time since I saw Dad. Denzil, tell me how long do you intend to stop up here this autumn!"

"I want to see the people through this epidemic of diphtheria, first," he said, "and we must begin rebuilding at once—those cottages, you know, whose plans you liked—" and then he began to talk to her of details.

That was just the delightful part of her—she was such a good companion. Everything interested her, really—but when they had finished talking technicalities she said, "But, do you know, you have not really told me when—and I have to get my little bits together!"

"Your little bits?"

She laughed. "Mother has decided that no one shall have more fascinating



"DENZIL WOULD NEVER WEAR ANYTHING NOT KNITTED," SAID LADY MERTON. "HE WOULD WEAR IT IN THE GLASS CASE."

garments than I when I am your wife, Denzil," she said.

"My dearest," he said. To hear her talk of herself as his wife was exquisite.

"Father is back in London," she went on, "and as I am so soon to leave him altogether, I feel I ought to go to him."

"Very well, we will go in ten days' time."

In ten days' time, Robert Sinclair would have gone to Paris, but Denzil did not think of this. When Denzil trusted, he trusted thoroughly. There was no niggardliness about him.

So it was settled between them that in ten days they should go to London together. Valerie was still feeling more at peace with the world than she had done.

To-night would be the last time they would sit at one table, would be under one roof-tree. Robert was going out of her life for good and all. Lady Merton had never been a patroness of opera—neither had Valerie, as a usual thing. Therefore it was unlikely that they would see him often, even on the stage.

She was seated next to Denzil as usual—and opposite Sinclair. But she did not steal a look at him until nearly the end of dinner and then his pallor rather appalled her. He was certainly looking shockingly ill—and she dared not betray the slightest interest in him.

"It's cruel, cruel," she said to herself. "I can't bear it!"

When they had reached the drawing-room, she came up to where Lady Merton was seated and sat down beside her. Lady Merton took up her knitting. She generally knitted in the quiet half hour after dinner before the business of the evening began. "You will have to do this, presently," she said to Valerie, holding up an unfinished silk sock which she was knitting for Denzil.

"You will have to teach me," said Valerie, who was not at all proficient in any form of needlework.

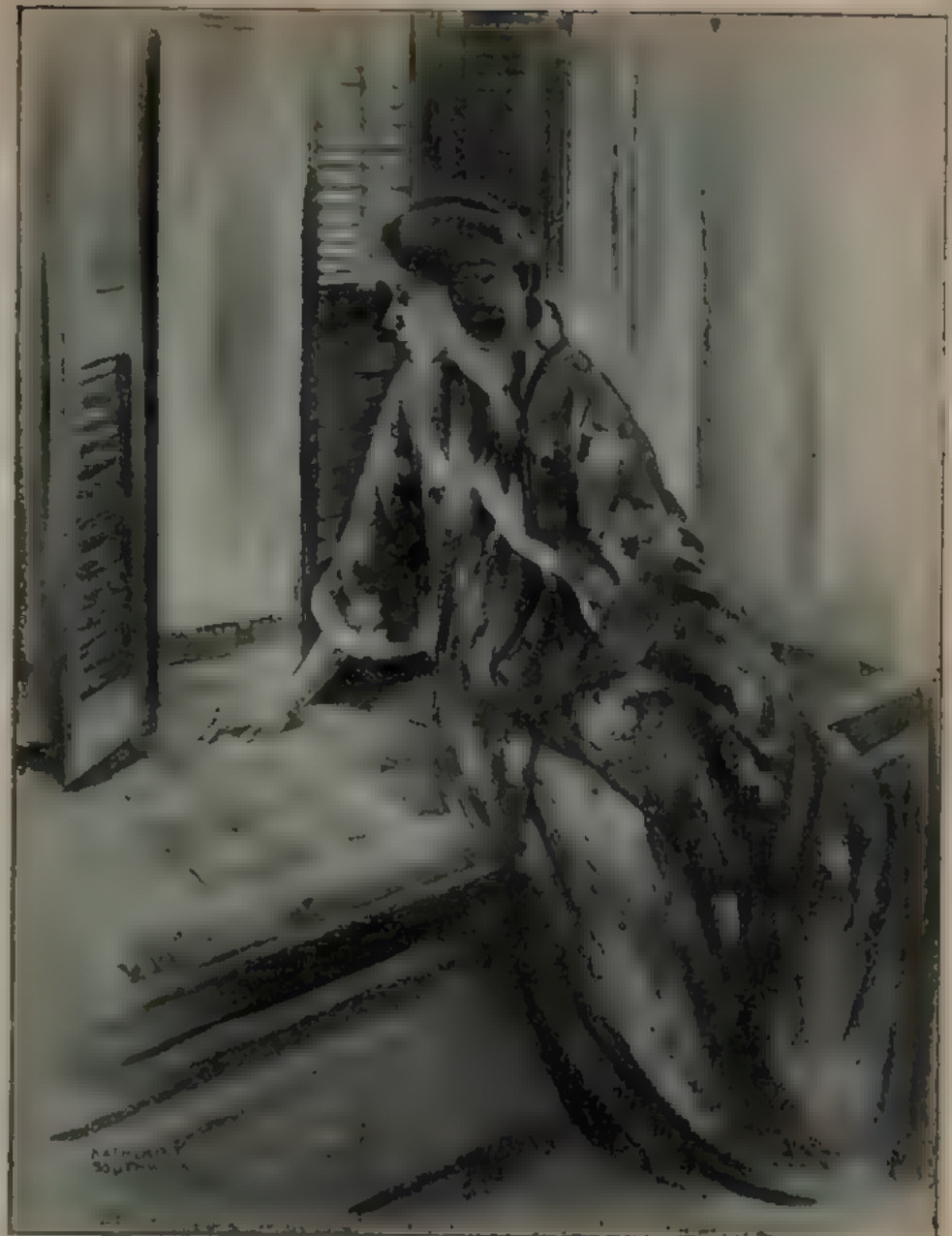
Lady Merton laughed. "I don't believe it would be any good," she said. "Denzil would never wear anything you knitted—he would want to put it into a glass case."

Valerie laughed too. "I think on the whole it would be wiser," she said. "I don't believe I could produce a sock that would be wearable."

"I knitted some for Bob, too," said Lady Merton.

Valerie saw her opportunity. "Don't you think Mr. Sinclair looks shockingly ill?" she said.

"He told me he felt chilly before dinner," said Lady Merton. "It is a nuisance for him—he is always afraid of his throat. Lady Kilroe is hoping



SHE HAD SEEN HER LAST OF ROBERT SINCLAIR, AND SHE FELT AS IF HER HEART MUST BREAK

that he will sing again, but I don't think he has any such intention. He is leaving to-morrow morning early!"

Valerie made no reply, but began playing with her rings. Lady Merton looked at her in a dissatisfied way. "I tell you what it is Valerie," she said, "your father and mother will be down on me. You have grown shockingly thin, child—your hands are like claws!"

Valerie laughed, "Poor little things!" she said, holding one out. "What an unkind thing to call them. Denzil never calls them that!"

"I dare say not—but he is distressed at your thinness. He worries over it. I shall be glad when you two are married and he can wrap you in cotton-wool if he likes!"

"I shall protest," said Valerie.

But that was what he, or rather

what marriage, would do for her. She would be wrapped in cotton-wool, so that she would not see or feel or hear. "I shan't die of it," she said to herself grimly. "My body will live on—my soul, too. For he is too good a fellow and too noble to tittle me. Some day when we have been married quite a long time, I shall tell him about Robert."

And then the men came in. But not Robert. Denzil asked her whether she would come and tell Colonel Leveson days something about a letter from Montreal that she knew he had stayed talking in the little drawing room until it was time to separate for the night.

"I shan't see Robert again," she said to herself. "Never again, never again—he will not wish me good-bye!"

That would not be like him. He would rather have me believe that he does not care."

But as she crossed the hall on her way to the staircase, she saw him with Lady Merton and Denzil. Denzil detached himself from the other two.

"Valerie," he said. His voice was quite grave. "Come and wish Robert good-bye, he is going early to-morrow morning."

He had schooled himself to say those words quite evenly, quite quietly. His generous heart had revolted from the idea that his friend should not have an opportunity of saying good-bye to the woman he loved. Of course he was quite ignorant that saying good-bye would cost Valerie any thing.

"Very well," she said, and went back with him to where Sinclair and Lady Merton were standing.

The good lady was giving advice. "You ought not to go, Bob," she said, "and you ought to keep yourself warm. Take a hot drink in bed to-night. How will you like it, if you get to Paris and cannot sing a note?"

"I shan't like it at all," he was saying.

And then Valerie came up. She held out her hand, "Good-bye," she said. "Good-bye, Mr. Sinclair. I wish you all manner of success!"

"And I wish you all manner of happiness," he said gravely. "I think you will have it," he added.

"Yes," she said lightly, "and I am sure you will have all manner of success good-bye—are you not coming to carry my candle, Denzil?" For that was the manner in which Denzil used to cloak his desire to wish his beloved good-night without any on-lookers. But his heart ached for his friend—the man who loved and was not beloved.

"You spoke quite flippantly, Valerie," he said to her.

"Did I?" she asked and looked at him. If he could only have guessed one hundredth part of what she was suffering, when she touched Robert's hand. It had been burning too.

"Yes, you sounded so—you did not mean to, sweetheart, but I know he feels saying good-bye to all of us."

"He is only going to Paris!"

"But we shall be married and gone before he comes back. Valerie, you don't mind my saying this? Heaven knows, it is not that I want to make myself a judge! You are always perfect, dearest!"

"Of course I don't mind. Good-night, Denzil!"

He kissed her as he always did, with passion and wonder that he should be allowed to touch her at all and she went slowly up the staircase. Just at the angle, she looked back as she

always did. It was a little thing, but she knew he loved it.

But when she got into her room, her self-command gave way. "I shall never, never see him again," she said to herself. "He goes out of my life to-morrow, but he will never go out of my heart. Why is he so pale, I wonder, and his hand so hot? Is it because he is leaving me, or is there any other reason? Somehow, I feel that he is ill." She lay tossing all that night, hardly sleeping at all and always waking with the sense of some unhappy coming thing, from which she could not escape. The slow dawn came creeping in stealthily as if ashamed of its sober grey coloring. The dawn was ushering in the day upon which love was to go out of her existence! She rose, wrapped herself in a warm gown and seated herself by the window.

There was a sound, a movement in the house. Early travellers had to be expedited. Lady Merton's servants were always well up to their work. After that, the motor snorted up to the foot of the terrace, and then after a little waiting, Denzil appeared in his motor-coat. He was going to drive Robert to the station, then.

Valerie retreated behind the blind and hated herself for doing it. She could see although she could not be seen. She wanted to look at Robert once more—only once more! He seemed a long time coming. Then suddenly he came and she could see his crisp short curls round his motor-cap. He held his head down, though, and he did not walk as briskly as always. He seemed to drag himself a little.

Valerie held her hand tightly against her heart to stop its wild beating. In this grey light, Robert looked a wreck. Either he was ashy pale or it was the light. She could see too, that there was sympathy on Denzil's face. But it was not Robert—the Robert who had walked through life so triumphantly, so blithely, who crept into that car! The only thing that was like him was the fact that he never once looked up although he must have known which was her window.

And then the motor began to vibrate and in another moment it had driven off, past the coppice, where he had clasped her in his arms, and so from view. She had seen her last of Robert Sinclair and she felt as if her heart must break!

CHAPTER XVI.

THE house seemed dead to Valerie that day; and every one in it, lifeless. Robert had gone and her heart felt like lead in her bosom. It was an effort to smile, even to speak—that grey face of his haunted her. Why had he, her knight, her bright and

chivalrous knight, worn that look?

Denzil too was quieter than he ordinarily was. His tender heart was touched by the thought of Robert's loneliness, by the knowledge that he loved hopelessly the one woman in the world.

But all this had to be kept in the background. It was only on the third morning after his departure, that Lady Merton commented on the fact that she had not heard from him.

"Give him time, mother," said Denzil. "It was only three days ago that he left us. It takes the whole day for him to get to London and a whole day for the letter to reach us. There is only one day not accounted for."

"Yes, but the boy looked ill," said Lady Merton.

Denzil made no remark. He had knowledge, which his mother had not, of quite sufficient reason why Robert should look ill. Before he could speak, he was startled by an exclamation from Valerie.

"What is it?" he asked—she was sitting beside him trying to make him believe that she was eating breakfast.

"Dad has met with an accident—sprained his ankle rather badly, he says. Mother is away, staying with Lady Fustle and organizing a big suffrage or antisuffrage meeting—dad says, he can never remember at the time, which she is. He wants me, I think."

"Does he say so?" asked Denzil. His face had fallen.

"Not in so many words—dad never does—but he says the days are long. I must go to him—to-morrow. It is too late for me to get ready to-day."

"I suppose you must," he said reluctantly.

She smiled as she turned to him. "It will only be for a few days, will it not?" she asked. "You will be coming to London soon?"

"Yes, I think we have got the epidemic under. There are a few isolated cases, that is all. It's all owing to Moffat, too. He is a splendid doctor."

"I think a little of it is due to your prompt measures," said Valerie.

"My measures! I did nothing! Not half as much as I should like to have done, for they are my people, you know. Valerie, how shall I get through the days without you?"

"I don't know. You will get through—somehow" she said in a low voice. She was thinking of these last three days, that she had got through "somehow." She was only half alive it is true—but that half had emerged.

"Oh, yes," he said disconsolately, "and you will write; and I can write to you."

There was some little compensation in that. When with her, he often felt

that he could not say the thousand and one things that he wanted to. On paper he could give rein to his heart.

So the next morning he drove Valerie to the station and put her into the train, taking all the care that a very precious thing requires. Valerie, who had been accustomed to being independent and to looking after herself, did not know why she did not resent this ultra care and fussiness. The fact remained that she did not—and that at parting her face reflected some of the pain on his.

"Take care of yourself—keep well—and don't forget me," he cried to her as the train steamed out. She leant out of the window as far as she could, laying her hand in his, until the moment of the train parted them. He touched her so horribly. As he stood there in his big motor coat from waist to the face emerged rather grotesquely, there was nothing in him to draw to any woman. And yet he stood to Valerie for sound goodness and manliness and with all his rather fussy care of her he never got on her nerves.

She never remembered the details of that journey south. Perhaps she slept, anyhow she dozed. She seemed to see Robert before her often. She was going to be nearer him. The paper would tell her of his movements, but in a confused way she had got it in her head that some one had said he was ill.

She felt strangely excited when she reached London and found their own chauffeur waiting for her at the station.

"The master told me to say that he was sorry he could not come, Miss," he said.

She nodded and jumped in. Her maid would see to the luggage. There was a big bunch of violets lying on the seat opposite, with her father's writing on a piece of paper. "Greetings to Valerie from Jonathan" he had written.

She grew impatient to see him as soon as she saw his handwriting and the motor had scarcely stopped when she sprang out and was up the steps.

"Where is Mr. Monro?" she asked the man who opened the door to her.

"In the study, madam," said the butler officiously. "You know that Mr. Monro can't abide the Louis Fourteenth room."

Something quaint in his tone made Valerie look. She did not know why her father should have any particular feeling of hatred against the Louis the Fourteenth period, but she was willing to believe it. She found the millionaire lying on a comfortable, massive couch of the early Victorian period with which he was evidently at peace. The room was full of tobacco smoke. It was thus she recognised her Jonathan.

And when she made her way through the untidy heaps of books and papers to the sofa and felt her father's arms round her, she felt that she had come home.

"Oh dad, dad," she said and a sob broke from her.

He held her to him and patted the sleeve of her fur coat.

"Come, come, child," he said, "and then he added, 'I am not really bad, you know.'"

She freed herself from his arms, looked at him and shook her head. "It is not that," she said and two large tears slowly rolled down her cheeks.

He looked at her quietly for a long time. "You are unhappy, Val," he said. "I have known it all the time!"

"How?"

"By your letters that have never told me anything. I have never seen you in any word you have written."

"No," she whispered. "I did not dare let you see me."

"But I would have done something. I would not have allowed it!"

"You can do nothing, Jonathan," she said striving to speak lightly, "there is nothing to be done, Denzil is happy, and Robert would not marry me if he could. Sometimes, I think that he does not want to enough."

"You mean he does not love you?"

"He loves me as much as he can love any woman—but he loves his voice more. I don't mean that he has the artistic temperament—because I don't believe he has. But he loves his life, I think—" She broke off and then burst out suddenly, "Dad, I am sore all over, because I think he can live without me and I live so badly without him. I am sore too, because he seems to put Denzil and his honor before me. He has never understood quite what he is to me."

"Perhaps not Valerie, his manner of loving you is just the man's way and you are a woman."

"I suppose so," she said sadly.

"Then all is at an end between you and Denzil?"

"At an end? No indeed! I am fonder of him than ever! I shall never have that feeling for him that I have for Robert. Oh dad, you don't know, you don't know! It is the feeling of horrible, deathless pain and of utter ecstatic joy, so great that it too is deathless—oh, I am a fool, am I not?"

"Are you?" he asked. "I suppose I like fools."

"Denzil has been so good, that I have not seemed to have missed you," she said after a pause. "Some day when we have been married a long time I shall tell him—about Robert. I shall never feel at peace until I have told him!"

"Where is Sinclair now?"

"In London, I think, on his way to

Paris. I shall never see him again dad. We have said our good-bye!"

"That is well," said Martin Monro. He was moved by Valerie's story. She had left the leather couch and was kneeling by the fire, holding out her hands. She was cold and very tired.

"Val, you have changed," he said.

"I know—I am no longer pretty!"

He laughed. "You are lovely," he said, "but you look older, and thinner. You have found your womanhood, I think!"

She nodded. "That is it," she said.

She was kneeling by his side and he was holding her hand in his. He looked at it with whimsical concern. "It is too thin," he said.

"Not so pretty as it was?" Valerie had never made any pretence of not loving her beauty.

"No," he said definitely.

Then there was a pause and he sat up on the couch and looked at her.

"Val," he said, "I can't bear it. You may have the courage—but I have not. I can't bear to see you shorn of anything. I can't bear that you should go through life with its light dimmed."

His deep eyes were looking at her, but his weak mouth was strangely tremulous. Valerie did not answer for a moment and when she did her voice was strangely calm.

"Dad," she said, "how do you know, that after all, that which has happened to me, is not the best for me? Do you think it hurts one to suffer a little when it is the right thing? If I cannot be as gay as I was, I can at least feel at peace, and I can rest in Denzil's love. Dad, I was not meant to be dazlingly, radiantly happy—it is not in me. Robert himself gives me more pain than joy. Can you understand—when I am with him there seems always to be a closed door which I cannot open. And sometimes, I have a horrible feeling that if I did open it, there would be nothing behind—that is, nothing that would content me."

"You may be right," he said.

And that evening spent with her father and the next day, when she and he were alone together never quite faded from Valerie's memory. She could talk to him straight from her heart—as she could have talked to Denzil, if there had been no Robert. Denzil's letters when they came satisfied her entirely. They were so like himself, so passionate and so loving, yet it was always the letter of the adoring to the adored. She wrote to him in return, long letters reflecting her peace and content, but letting him see that he was necessary to her.

"Your mother is coming home in three days," Martin said to his daughter when she had been with him two days.

"Is she? What has become of Miss Searle? Is there a new Miss Searle?"

"Miss Searle has too good a memory! She will remember that your mother was an 'anti' once and a suffragist now—or is it the other way about, Val? However it is, she is not adaptable enough for your mother. There has been found a new Miss Searle, who is called Jones, who is equally precious to your mother. We had a very good time together, though! We were just plain Mr. and Mrs. Munro and we had a sort of wedding-tour when we led the simple life. And we both enjoyed it! I insisted that her maid should have a holiday."

"Poor mother! How did she get on?"

"I think," said Martin, looking into the fire as if he saw pictures in it, "that she rather liked my doing everything for her. Of course her hair was not quite so elaborately done, but she looked all the prettier, I think."

Valerie looked at him. There was a revelation of intimacy in those few words. She had always known that her father and mother loved each other, but this brought it home to her as nothing else could have done.

"Did you love her very dearly when you married her?" she asked.

"As Denzil loves you. I loved her passionately."

A pause and then Valerie asked in a whisper, "And she?"

"She loved me as well as she could. In marriage, Val, there is always one who gives the most."

"Yes," said the girl thoughtfully.

She had never thought of herself as Robert's wife, but it came to her that if she had married him it would have been she who would have given the most, and as she wanted to give—to spend herself in giving, she knew where her loss would be in her marriage with Denzil. She would always be the one who would receive most!

She drove out that day and began to do some shopping and then came back and dressed herself in her prettiest evening dress to please her father. It was one that she had had made to go to Barranmuir, a soft, clinging pale green with iridescences of pearl round her lovely shoulders. The dress gave her something of the look of a sea-nymph. Martin had never seen it before.

"That's pretty, Val," he said.

"Denzil likes it," she answered.

"No wonder." He looked at her whimsically "Val, you seem made for costly garments. Everything you wear, your furs, your laces, and your jewels seem as if they had been created on purpose for you—yet when your mother and I married, she had never had a silk dress! Lord, I remember the pride with which I gave her her first!"

"I can imagine it," said the girl—she always encouraged her father's reminiscences.

His man came and wheeled him in to dinner and after dinner, he had himself taken back to the ugly study which he loved better than any other room in the house. She seated herself on a stool by the fire at his side and the room was beginning to fill with tobacco-smoke, when suddenly a bell pealed through the house.

Val looked up. "Who can that be?" she asked. "We are not supposed to be in town, are we?"

"Some one in a hurry," said Martin, for the bell pealed again.

"Who can it be?" Valerie turned pale and held her breath to listen. She knew by some strange instinct, that some evil thing had happened and that it had something to do with Robert.

"They have opened the door," said Martin—he had seen the look on Valerie's face.

She strained her ears and heard nothing until the footman knocked at the door. Then she rose from her stool and straightened herself. Whatever it was, she would meet it standing up. Monro, too, sat up and the footman coming in, impassively faced the questioning gaze of two pairs of eyes.

"Lord Merton is below and would like to see you, madam," he said to Valerie.

She turned to her father "It is Robert," she breathed.

It seemed to her afterwards as if invisible wings carried her down the stairs, for she remembered nothing until she felt the grasp of Denzil's hands on hers and looked at his white, tearstained face.

"Val," he said hoarsely, "you must come, my darling."

"Come?" she asked. "Where do you want me to go, Denzil?"

"Robert is dying," he said hoarsely. She gave a cry that startled him.

"Dying?" she asked. "Dying? My God, not that!"

"He is dying," he repeated, "and you must go to him! You must. Valerie, you never knew it, but he loves you!"

She looked at him for a moment—her eyes were full of a horrible remorse. "I did know it, Denzil," she said under her breath. "I have known it always—and Denzil, forgive me, forgive me, but I love him, too—have always loved him! Take me to him, my dear!"

CHAPTER XVII.

DENZIL stared for a moment as if he did not understand. "You love him," he repeated. "You! You!"

"Take me to him," said the girl.

He looked at her still in that vague

fashion. He did not understand. It seemed as if for the moment, he could not think of anything but Robert.

"Let us go," she said. "Don't let us lose a moment, Denzil!"

Then for the first time comprehension seemed to come to him. "You, you!" he said to her, "you love him. Val, what does it mean?"

"It means that Robert is dying," she answered. "Does anything else matter now?"

"No," he said dully, "come, dear."

He put his hand through hers. At the contact with her bare arm he shivered and looked round. Ring for a wrap, he said. "You must not take cold." He himself sank down on a chair and covered his face with his hands. Valerie peered at the bell.

"My cloak," she said tremulously "and be quick!"

The maid ran in and Valerie thrust her arms into its sleeves.

"I'm ready, Denzil," she said and held out her hand for him to take. He walked unsteadily, but she piloted him and when they had reached the motor, he was himself again.

"Drive to Hanover Square as quickly as you can," he said, and jumped into the motor after Valerie. She did not even notice that he did not sit by her side.

Neither of them spoke a word. The houses and the people seemed to fly past them—it was like the swift movement that one has in a dream. Denzil could not have spoken. Agony itself was dead for him. Only there came to him four words which hammered themselves incessantly on his brain, "Robert dead, Valerie lost." He did not articulate them, but he heard them all the while.

Valerie's white face was set and stern. It seemed to her that she was travelling for hours—surely it was hours ago, that she had first heard that Robert was dying? She could have asked no question—what did it matter what the cause of it all was? Robert was dying and the sun was going out of a world which should be bereft of him!

"He is in there," said Denzil, when they had climbed the stairs. Into the long, bare room with its marble bust and its picture of his dead mother, they had taken Robert. The bed was in the middle of the room. They had brought him here for more air and greater space, so that he might breathe the more easily. The disease that had attacked him had been dealt with, but the antitoxin that had been given him had been too much for his heart. He lay there now, gasping, breathless, with the mark of death stamped on his beautiful young face. He looked up as he heard the door open. The room

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The Love of Man

DID YOU EVER HAVE A REAL FRIEND A FRIEND THAT WOULD CINCH HIS BELT TIGHTER TO STOP THE GNAWING AND GIVE YOU HIS LAST STRIP OF MEAT? THIS IS THE STORY OF SUCH AN ONE

By T. A. Tefft

Illustrated by C. L. Baldridge

THE sick man, who lay in the corner of the stuffy room, groaned and raised himself upon his elbow.

"Lizette! Lizette!" he called in a thin, querulous voice.

A woman of the Black-foot tribe, who sat by the fireplace staring into the flames, turned her stolid face upon the sick man.

"Here I am; what do you want?" she answered, speaking the tongue of her people. "Do you want some more broth?"

"No, no," whined the man weakly fixing his sightless white eyeballs upon the woman. "'Tain't grub I'm hungry for. You know it ain't grub. I want some of my own people. It ain't that I'm not satisfied with you, Lizette. You've stuck to me like a good dog, and I've used you hard. God knows I ain't complaining about you. But I ain't for long now, and I've got some things to say to a white man before I snuff out. What's that? Is the sun shining?"

"It's night," said the woman. "That's only the firelight on your face."

"Night!" whimpered the man whom fever had weakened. "Night! O hell, it's been night for a year already! Ain't it ever going to get day again? Look outside, Lizette, and tell me if there ain't a thin white streak over in the east."

"Night has just fallen," said the woman; "you know you're blind."

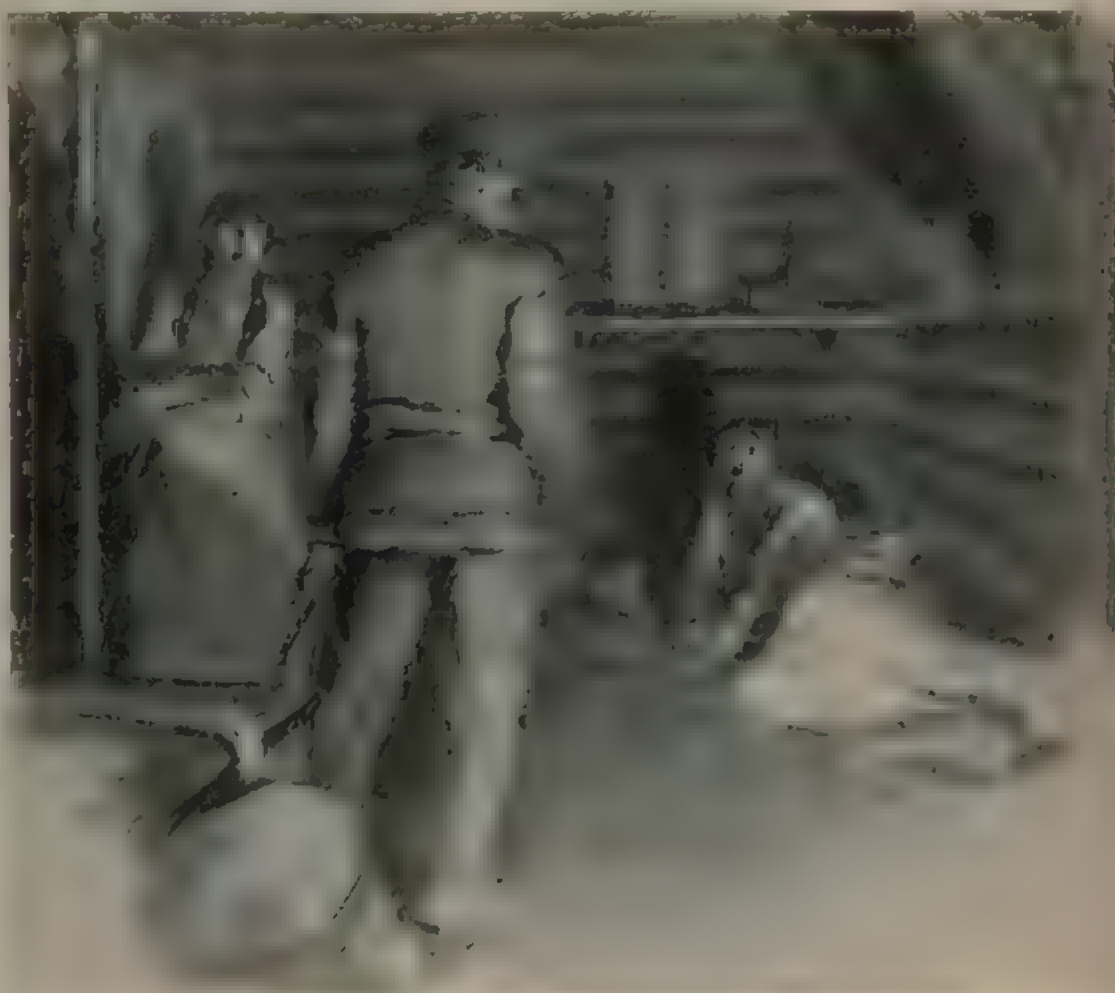
The man groaned again and dropped back among the furs. The heavy silence of a mid-winter night in the wilderness came back into the room—like a palpable thing—and the woman went on staring into the flames.

"Lizette!" called the sick man at length. "Did you sure enough tell your people that passed here bound for Brasseau's to send a Blackrobe up and see me through? Did you sure tell 'em?"

traveler. The Blackrobe ought to be here now. Go outside, Lizette, and look off southeast toward Brasseau's."

The woman got up and went out.

"Was any one coming?" whined the sick man, when the woman re-entered.



"YOU'VE COME AT LAST, FATHER!" HE GROANED. "LET ME A WHILE AND A FEW MORE DAYS."

"I told them."

"Do you think they'll forget?"

"One was my kinsman; he will remember."

The man raised himself feebly and sat up.

"It's four days now, ain't it? And it's only two to Brasseau's for a good

"Did you hear the crunching of snow-shoes? Tell me what you saw and heard."

Heard snow shoes? He replied the woman, and I saw a coyote trotting on the ridge.

She sat down before the fire again and stared stolidly into the flame.

After a long lapse of silence the man spoke again.

"You don't give a damn!" he cried peevishly to the woman. "When I snuff out you'll just scoop out a hole and dump me in and pack off my stuff to your people!"

"My people do not groan when they suffer."

"But it ain't the fever nor the blindness, Lizette," went on the man in the thin voice. "I'm a ha'nted man! That's why I ain't game. Did you ever hear me whine before? I used to could drive 'em away and laugh 'em down; but I know I ain't for long now, and the damned ha'nts has got me down—Lizette!"

With a spasmodic effort he lifted himself to his elbow. A faint sound of crunching and whining as of snowshoes on the crusted snow came in from the great starlit silence outside.

"The Blackrobe!" he cried. "Quick, now, Lizette! Throw open the door! Don't you hear the snowshoes?"

The woman had risen and stood listening. She went to the door and threw it open.

The great muffled bulk of a man, with his face veiled in the fog of his own breath, muttered a word of greeting and heaved through the doorway. With a glad cry the sick man tried to get up, but fell back exhausted with his effort.

"You've come at last, Father," he gasped. "I've been a-waiting and a-waiting and a-praying for you, seems like a year now! And you'll see me through, and I can die easy. You come from Brasseau's."

The newcomer, keeping his face hidden in the shadow, removed his great mackinaw coat, took off his snowshoes and stood against the wall. Then he sat down on a bench beside the sick man, taking the limp, feverish hand in his.

"I came all the way from Brasseau's," he said, "to see you through. The Blackfeet people told me."

"Thank God for it, Father," said the sick man. "But you've walked far, and you're hungry."

"I've eaten," said the newcomer quietly. "What would you say to me?"

"I'm ha'nted, Father," began the sick man, clutching the big hand that held his. "I'm ha'nted, and I'm about to pass in. Maybe it's the fever—but—did you ever see ghosts, eh? Ever since my gun busted and spit powder in my eyes and made me blind, I've been a-seeing 'em plainer and plainer!

Been seeing nothing else day and night. And then the fever come and the ha'nts got me down; and I'm scart to be awake and scart to go to sleep; 'cause when I sleep they chase me through millions of miles of nothing till I wake up all in a sweat. O God, if dying was only going sound asleep, I wouldn't care. Do they foller a man when he's dead—the ghosts?"

"It's only because you're sick," said the stranger soothingly. "It's the fever. There isn't any such things as ghosts."

But ain't I seen 'em, Father? Oh, it ain't with your eyes that you see



IT'S ONLY BECAUSE YOU'RE SICK, SAID THE STRANGER
"IT'S THE FEVER"

'em. It's when you're blind; and then all the damned mean things you ever done turn into ghosts and dance about you and poke their bony fingers into your brain and laugh till you're well nigh crazy with 'em."

"Tut, tut," said the stranger, stroking the hot brow of the man.

"Oh, let me talk, Father; they sort of grow dim when I talk. I've done a heap of mean things in my life. Guess every man does 'em. But there's one bigger'n all the rest." He breathed heavily for some time, while the stranger kept silence.

"Did you ever have a real friend, Father?" he continued. "A friend that'd cinch his belt tighter to stop the gnawing and give you his last strip of meat? I knowed a friend like that. His name was Jules Vaux. Big man

he was, outside and in. A big lover and a big hater he was; and them's always good men. You can tie to 'em. Saved my life in the Aricara fight. Packed me on his back a whole day once, when I got a hard fall up in the Teton country; and it was bad snowshoeing, too.

"Used to call me 'Jamie, my boy'—just like that, soft like. And I used to call him 'Dad,' 'cause he was old enough for that and watched after me like as if I was his own. O God, if I could only hear him call me that again, just like he used to!

"You're a better hand at praying than me, Father. Takes practice. Won't you pray hard for me and tell 'em up there to tell him what I said? Won't you, Father? Tell 'em to tell him I said, 'If he could only call me 'Jamie' again.' Won't you?"

The stranger moved uneasily.

"Yes, yes," he said.

"That's right," went on the sick man; "hold my hand tight like that. I don't feel scart when you hold my hand like that."

"We was in the Aricara fight together, me and Jules. And after that we went with Henry's men on the Yellowstone trip. You mind when that was, Father—seven years ago last fall. I says to him: 'Dad, I'm going along with Henry.' And says he: 'So'm I, Jamie, my boy, so's to look after you a bit.' That's the way he was—always looking after me."

"He was a dead shot, and so he signed with Henry for a hunter. And one day he was going ahead of the party looking for game, when he come up on a grizzly all of a sudden."

And when we come up, there he was on the flat of his back and

the bear a-standing over him growling. And when we shot the beast and went to Jules, I saw something that'll foller me all the way through hell! He had his knife tight in his big right fist. Not having time to shoot, he had fought with that like the man he was. My heart seemed broke.

"And his face! O God! All the ghosts that ha'nt me has got that face! The bear's paw had swiped down across it and took off the nose and ripped up the cheeks. His head looked like a chunk of fresh bull meat, and one of his legs went wobbly when you lifted it."

"But he wasn't dead. Men like him don't die easy. But we could see that he was done for. Breathed snatchy and kind of sobbed when he breathed, like a man that's run a long ways."

Surgeon said he couldn't live through it. But all that night he went on a wrastlin' with death and trying to live. And all the next night he went on, scrapping for every mouthful of wind he got and a-muttering cuss words like he always did when he was fighting mad.

"So Henry gave me three men, and the four of us was to stay behind until the old man did what he was going to do. Three days and nights went past, and every minute of the time we thought his next breath'd be his last. And then the others began to grumble

about taking the old man so long to die, and the party getting further away all the time. 'He can't live through it,' they said. 'Can't you see he's done for? We might just as well go on!'

"But I wouldn't listen to 'em. O God, I wish I hadn't listened to 'em! And then another day went round, and another night; and still the old man hung right onto the ragged edge and wouldn't let loose. And then the others said: 'We'll wait one day more. It's foolish to stay in the Indian country for the sake of a dead man. Ain't

four live men worth more than a dead one?'

"I was weak, and so I agreed I'd go in one more day. But when the time had come, the old man was still hanging onto the raw edge, though he was quieter—just like they get before they let go. So we covered him up with his blanket and took his gun and his fixin's and moved on after the main party.

"It was like tearing my heart out to do it; but I done it. For, after all, it did seem like the others was right.

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De'ils to Fecht

By John Patrick Mackenzie

AULD BONEY might tak' Proosia—ay, or e'en Roosia; but he'll ne'er tak' Scotland, for they Munroes are de'ils to fecht."

Peggy's hearers all laughed, as they usually did whenever she spoke—as much at her concise humour as at her broad Doric.

Like all Highland Scots of the younger generation, they prided themselves on speaking English as it is spoken in England, but it is an open question whether they or Peggy really spoke the truer Anglo Saxon.

A well-meaning man has recently published what he calls "a translation of Robert Burns' poems from the Keltic dialect into English." Far from having anything Keltic about it, any Ayrshire man will tell you that Burns' spoken and written language was purer English than is now used in England. And Peggy came from Ayrshire.

They were in the parish schoolhouse at the annual cockfight. The schoolmaster, worthy man, elder of the kirk and skilled physician, presided, robed in scholastic camel gown.

When the parish alone was left to observe this ancient custom, he maintained to his dying day that the bravery inculcated by these combats still persisted throughout the land and gave the nation its fighting spirit, so his colleagues of the kirk session refrained from enforcing the ban which the kirk had placed upon the practise and awaited his passing away for its final abolition.

The birds were brought by the scholars, and "Munro's boy's" game

cock was winning. "Munro's boy" was son of the hereditary chief of that clan and his youthful clansmen sat by his side, eager-eyed and bent on winning; and their evident joy in victory inspired Peggy Maxwell's remark.

Peggy had come to Rosshire a mere child. Her family's presence in the fertile valley, where Sandy Maxwell's thorough farming was a continual marvel to his Keltic neighbours, was due to the public spirit of the landlord, Munro of Strathconnan, who had brought the Lowland family to his estate to demonstrate the possibilities of the soil. However, the original inhabitants, whose progenitors regarded agriculture as a side issue and preferred marauding as a steady occupation, contented themselves with disinterested admiration and held to the ways of old.

If tenure of the land had depended upon fitness to work it, then the land-hungry "Sassenach" had possessed it ages ago; but the forbidding Grampians and the fighting spirit of the natives had, so far, saved the region from the fate of the Southland.

The cockfight ended in a complete victory for "Munro's boy." Peggy was accompanied to her home by Duncan Ross, to whom she said at the door in parting, "Ay, I'll meet ye at the fire the nicht."

As she entered the cottage, her father, who was seated at the table, brought down his fist with a mighty bang and exclaimed, "Ye'll no gang to ony heathen cantraps the nicht. A thousand years o' Chreesteeunity hasna eeradeecated paganism frae the hearts o' these Hielan'men. Saycree-

fices o' bulls to Mourie, ane o' their heathen gods, hae been offered in the Hielan's in oor times, an' noo they wad dare tae pass thro' the fire to Baal!"

It was generally whispered about, that a terrible ancient rite, was to be revised in mild form and a "devoted" person, selected by lot, was to leap through a bonfire three times as a symbolic sacrifice. In ancient days, such a ceremony had been performed in honour of one "Baal" to ensure the harvest, which was now endangered by unfavourable weather. Some held that it was as justifiable a proceeding as the celebration of the heathen Norse festival of yule-tide under the name of Christmas, while others insisted that it was Baal-worship pure and simple. By the young people it was regarded as a lark, but their elders took it quite seriously, whether in favour or opposed.

"The cursed fools!" exclaimed the hard-headed Maxwell. "They wad mak it oot tae be a Chreestian ceeremoony, wad they? Dinna they ken that the Lord gies success tae him wha works for it, an' doesna' deelight in saycreefices an' burnt offerings?"

"I'll warrant ye I'll hairvest a crop the year—an' for why? Juist a matter o' deep culteevation, the lazy cejts!"

Peggy said nothing—but, "though feyther an' mither an' a' should gae mad," slipped quietly away after evening prayers to meet her lad.

The circle around the fire in the darkness was a weird sight, but the sensible Saxon maiden took no interest in the doings. She was intent upon a matter of greater importance to her

than the outcome of the crop, and, as for ancient customs, they meant nothing to her.

Duncan Ross had declared his intention of enlisting on the following day, when a body of recruits was to march to join Wellington's army, and it was to dissuade him that she had disobeyed her father for the first time.

"Young Munro," an elder brother of the boy who had won the cockfight, was to lead them.

Some of the most impressionable of his hot-headed clansmen were beginning to shout the inflammatory Munro slogan, "Castle Foulis ablaze!" which recalled the ancient rallying signal—the beacon fire of the clan. Though this did not carry any direct appeal to a Ross, Peggy was having all she could do to hold her Duncan. Time was when the Munros had marched side-by-side with the Rosses, a thousand claymores strong, under the Earls of Ross, and strange stirrings of the old, wild, glorious days, lurking in his blood, were thrilling him through and through. Since the line of the chiefs of his clan had failed, what better than to serve in the ranks of their hereditary allies?

"Margaret, I am no farmer nor ever will be," he said. "Let me go to the war and I'll come back to you a general yet." For had not Highland men done as much before?

"I'll tak ma chances wi' you, Duncan," Peggy replied. "Stay, an' I'll marry ye an' teach ye how to earn an honest living. Promise me noo."

"Well, I will, Margaret," said Duncan, after a long silence. "But I fear you have undertaken a big contract."

And they sealed it with a kiss.

The bagpipes skirled and a hundred stalwart highlanders marched away, bravely clad in that beautiful crimson blaze shot with azure, gold, purple; the Munro tartan, which an enthusiastic Gaelic poet must have had in mind when he penned, in utmost description of a glorious sunrise, the lines translated, "Every dye that's in the tartan o'er it grew."

With their pipers playing "Munro's March," they swung into Liverpool in as good order as when they started out, and were snapped up at once and mustered into the Forty-Second Regiment.

But, alas! for poor Young Munro's dream of glory, the "food for powder" was too good a sample. The general in command wanted more such material, and, seeing that many of the recruits had but little English, packed him back home, in spite of the fact that he had been in action with the Rossshire Fencibles at Vinegar Hill in Ireland.

"Never mind about that," he said when Young Munro tried to explain

that he was quite a veteran. "We have plenty of officers who are willing to stand up and be shot, and too many of them will be before we settle Boney; but such recruiting officers are hard to find. Send me more men like those you have brought. You can speak Gaelic. Go back and take a captain's commission with you."

Duncan and Peggy bided their time with a caution for which the latter was responsible. They had hopes of obtaining from Munro of Strathconnan the privilege of working a farm which would be worth while, but there were many applicants for every one that was available.

McGregors had come into the district long ago when their clan was broken up and they had to go far from home to even keep their own name; and, as ancient allies, they had to be provided for; as also had Munro's own clansmen. As for the Rosses, the whole countryside had once belonged to their clan, and they had always considered it their right to be taken care of.

At last the smouldering jealousy burst out in a faction fight. On the one side were the Rosses, still the most numerous clan in the district; and on the other were the McGregors, the Munros and their friends the McCraes. These had the help of an interloper who was a tower of strength—a Caithness man from his weapon, for he wielded the old-fashioned quarter-staff—a stick grasped by the middle, with both ends of which he whacked vigorously.

The fight was going against the Rosses, when their women, inspired with an instinctive memory of ancient days, took off their stockings, gathered stones from the brook and, loading their stockings with the stones, sailed in to the aid of their men-folk.

Peggy was as much interested as anybody. The Saxon, in common with all Teutons, when he does fight, fights to some purpose and not for glory or for the fun of it. Which is probably the reason why he has usually accomplished something tangible in his wars, whether they resulted in the occupation of France and the wringing of a colossal indemnity from the thrifty people of that country; or in the ancient seizing of an English or Lowland Scottish county.

So Peggy, thinking the customs of the locality safe enough to follow when she had in view a common end with her neighbors, joined the stocking-fighters, and, being sturdy, did great execution. Then, the women of the opposing faction came to the rescue of their outnumbered men. Shouts of *Mac an Diabol*—son of the devil,—the height of Gaelic profanity, were heard on all

sides, and all was going merrily when the matter of the stocking fight into the melee on his horse, scattered the combatants and drove them off in different directions.

The outcome was that the McGregors left the neighbourhood and made more room for the original inhabitants.

Duncan and Peggy were finally glad to secure little hill-side on which they worked bravely side-by-side against the odds of poor equipment and restricted scope, a family of little Anglo-Kelts growing up about them.

But, one day, a bolt came out of a clear sky. Strathconnan had drifted into difficulties and the estate had to be sold. The new owner decided to turn it into a sheep farm, and notified the crofters that their tenure was at an end.

Most of them had counted that the soil belonged to them as they belonged to the soil. The ancient clan system had never contemplated such an issue. The land was loosely considered to belong to the clan and the clan lived, and died if need be, for the chief. But times had changed.

To these simple sons of the soil, it was a thing too dreadful to contemplate. To leave the bleak, heather-covered hills; which gave the mind a tinge of sadness, but such sweet sadness—and the calm valleys with their birch trees, hazel groves, alder trees and bushes; their burns or brooks; the singing birds—the mavis and the linnets; the cuckoo and the lark; the robin-red-breast and the wren; and the noisy chaffinch or *break-a-bird*; the blackbird, the starling, the yellow-erling and the bull-finch—and the flowers that bloomed in the wildwood! the primrose, the snowdrop, the violet and blue-bell; the daisies, the wild roses, the wild hyacinths.

Even matter-of-fact Peggy felt in every fibre of her being the grief which overcame her emotional neighbours.

Helplessly they refused to move, unable to think where they were to go.

Then the militia was called out under Young Munro, now the father of a family, fighting the battle of life among his boyhood friends on half pay and poor farming. His boys, clad in his cut-down red coats, had gone to school with the crofters' children, respectfully addressed as *Mac an Oifegeach* (officer's son).

But orders must be obeyed.

The men of the crofters had too much of the soldier in their nature to resist the King's troops and sat sullenly in their heather-thatched huts. Not so the women. It was whispered about that they were going to fight, and when Munro came marching up with

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A Sheaf of Asphodel

The Remittance Man

By Garnett Weston

ISOLATE lone and despairful, these are the words that I write
Memory's mazes beset me. Yesterday's dreams are alight.
Turret on turret, the castles, see how they splendour the eye,
Founded on pillars of dreaming, summits that sever the sky.

Seem I to wander in twilight, whip-poor-wills whispering low,
Pulsing the gloom of the swamp-land with an unutterable woe.
Red dies the day in the westland, scented with spring is the air.
Life is bewitching and golden, things are alluringly fair.

But only the years are constant, they follow the last year's tread,
Bearing on to the empty vasts, the slumb'ring harvest of dead.
They have taken youth and laughter, smothered the heat of their fires
And left in their place the ashes of unrealized desires.

Broad and far have I wandered. God, but Thou knowest it all,
The joy and pain of the rover, the gripping bond of his thrall.
Thou knowest the lights that beckon stronger than love or a life,
The spell of the unknown peoples, the lust of a distant strife.

But oh in the years that follow, when the friendly hours are dead,
Our very names are forgotten, absence has severed the thread.
We gloom over the things about us, we dream of the castled home
That loomed on the years' horizon, ere we ranked with those who
roam.

*Turret on turret the castles, see how they splendour the eye.
Founded on pillars of dreaming, summits that sever the sky.
Isolate, lone and despairful, these are the words that I write.
Memory's mazes beset me. Yesterday's dreams are alight.*

The Draught of Life

By Bertha F. Gordon

THE draught of Life—ah God! how sharp it is!
How deadly bitter—and how madd'ning sweet!
Oh pang of ice and fire, how you thrill
Through all my veins, and shake my very soul!
Divine intoxication glowing red
Within your jewelled chalice. Lo, I set
My thirsty lips hard to your cruel brim
And drink, and drink, and wring the dregs thereof.
I am of God, and shall I fear to quaff
To the last drop, the cup here set for me:

Break o' Day

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

Somewhere, dawn pearls to-day. Somewhere night fades away.
Long is the hour before the breaking, love, of the day!
Fluting thrush on the spray! Paling stars in the gray!
Long is the journey without you, beloved. Dusty the way!

Cupid's Wiles

By Frances Peck Savage

SOMEWHERE
In a garden fair,
In the land of dreams,
By palace rare,
A merry sprite,
And an armored knight,
Met and stood
In the fading light.

Now 'twas told,
In days of old,
The armored knight,
Was stern and cold,
That thoughts of fame
And mighty name
Were aught that kept
His heart aflame.

But
The merry sprite
With heart as light
As a drop of dew,
On a summer night,
Mayhap by chance,
Broke field and lance,
Of the armored knight,
With roguish glance.

And it befell,
So poets tell,
The merry sprite,
Wove love's sweet spell,
And charmed the knight,
From deeds of might,
Into the paths
Of love and light.

And
So you see,
Who e'er he be,
An armored knight
Can scarce be free
From Cupid's dart,
And wounds that smart,
Perchance, of course,
He has a heart.

Fortunes Overnight

Part II.

THE SECOND OF THE AUTHOR'S ARTICLES ON THE SENSATIONAL OIL STRIKE AT CALGARY—CRUDE OIL AT THE MONARCH WELL

By Norman S. Rankin

Illustrated from Photographs

WHEN CANADA MONTHLY was going to press last month, the news of a strike of crude oil at the Monarch well flashed out. The Monarch well is located in the Olds district, about forty miles north of Calgary. This strike might properly be called Strike No. 3, for

located the fluid, he called the watchers and in a moment of intense excitement the baler was again sent down. When it was once more brought to the surface and its contents dumped into the sluice-box, it was seen to be crude black oil. Those present could hardly contain themselves for enthusiasm. Drilling

The demand of both geologists and the public had been for crude oil, and now here it was, common, crude and black. The excellent showing of the 90% gasoline product from the Dingman (Discovery) well, twenty miles south of Calgary, which has been steadily dipped out since its strike last



THE BIG TEAMS THAT HAUL CASING TO THE WELLS

though there is yet, so far as is publicly known, one producing well, there have been two previous strikes, one on October 8th, 1913, in the Dingman well at a depth of 1,500 feet, and one on May 14th, 1914, in the same Dingman well, at a depth of 2,718 feet.

On the evening of June 17th, President William Georgeson of the Monarch company brought in news that his well had struck oil. The well was immediately closed to all visitors except accredited representatives of the press, and official announcement was made by the company that the Monarch well had struck black oil at a depth of 808 feet.

Interviewed on his arrival in town, Mr. Georgeson said that the strike had been anticipated by the geologist and consequently some of those deeply interested in the project had remained at the well-mouth overnight in the hope that oil would be brought in during their presence. When the driller became convinced that at last he had

was stopped and an order for a special capping appliance wired to Medicine Hat, as the geologist feared that if the drill penetrated into the oil-bearing strata without this appliance a gusher would result, which it might be impossible to control.

It was late when Mr. Georgeson reached town, but it did not take long for the news to spread. By 11.30 crowds who had retired home for the night began to swarm down to their offices, and by midnight the entire city was awake and on the streets ready for business. When the exchanges had closed that afternoon, Monarch stock had quoted: Dividend, \$17.50; Ex-dividend, \$8.00 with no demand. At once, of course, there was a sharp flurry, and curb brokers traded it actively up to \$50.00 while others opened their offices and did a strenuous business in all shares. The news gave an enthusiastic impetus to stock selling. Hundreds were eager to buy. Hundreds were eager to sell—at a big price.

May, and the discovery of oil in the old Pincher Creek well in the south, sunk and abandoned many years ago, was clearly insufficient evidence to convince the pessimist of the future of the Calgary fields. But with crude black oil in the Monarch well, and the oil-bearing territory extended both north and south, the public naturally begins to believe that here in Alberta exists a great oil field, stretching, no doubt, from the Sweetgrass country, on the international boundary, north to the very snow-limits of the province.

Investors crowded the fronts of brokers' offices where they were thrown blank application forms. They filled these in haphazard with pencil or pen, pinning their money to them and throwing them on the counters, when they dashed off to go through the same performance elsewhere. Clerks swept the blanks and money off the counters into waste paper baskets behind, and jumped on the contents to make room for more. The rotunda of the new

Canadian Pacific Hotel Palliser presented an animated appearance. Everybody wanted to buy; everybody had money to spend; everybody was convinced that at last the opportunity had come to make fortunes. Night slipped by and morning waned, but sleep, or the fact that they had forgotten to go to bed, never occurred to many of them.

But there is a "but" in everything. The find proved to be but a pocket and drilling was resumed. Stocks dropped back to normal again. Excitement subsided and people went about their business as usual. The only noticeable difference was that further companies sprang up and additional oil exchanges formed. No abatement in oil interest, however, was apparent. At the time I wrote the previous article, between eighty and ninety companies had formed with a combined approximate capitalization of \$100,000,000. To-day there are in existence over four hundred companies, whose combined capitalization is \$400,000,000. Of these, twelve are actually drilling with shafts sunk from 300 to 2,700 feet. Eight oil exchanges have incorporated, and are actively engaged in stock trading.

The construction of a refinery to take care of the crude product is under serious consideration. It is well to remember that oil has between three and four hundred by-products.

The construction of a pipe line to Vancouver by operators from the Ohio and California oil fields, who have become actively interested locally is a future probability. Pipe line



THE WILD-EYED CROWD IN ONE OF CALGARY'S PUBLIC OIL EXCHANGES

being operated to-day from Oklahoma (Tulsa) to Jersey City, a distance of 1,500 miles. The distance to Vancouver is only 680 miles.

A complete wireless service between the oil fields and Calgary has been installed, and already six or eight companies are taking advantage of the opportunity to keep in close touch with well-operations and eliminate false rumors. At each of the wells connected with the service, an elaborate installation has been made with power supplied by a gasoline engine driving a motor and generator, which also supplies sufficient power for lighting purposes. Operators are in attendance at each well and daily news bulletins are flashed to a central office at Calgary from which point messengers convey it promptly to the head offices of the companies obtaining the service. Operators are licensed by the government.

A factory for the manufacture of steel derricks and oil drilling equipment is being erected in Calgary, and a similar, smaller plant is under construction at Okotoks. Two oil exchanges are constructing buildings on valuable inside property, one on the site of the famous club of old timers, "The Ranchmen's."

At a depth of 504 feet while boring for natural gas the town of High River, 40 miles south of Calgary, had a

small strike of oil of the same character as that discovered in the Dingman well at 1,500 feet. Quite a sensation was caused in the southern town over this discovery. The well had been drilling for several months and at 450 feet gas was encountered and the well capped. On July 6th, the directors, deciding that the quantity was insufficient for their purposes, uncapped the well and resumed work. When the baler was sent down, it came up half full of black oil to the astonishment and delight of the city fathers, and in a few minutes half the town's population knew of it and stood cheering around the mouth of the well. The drillers brought up fresh quantities of oil to convince the latest arrivals that they really had "the goods." It is the intention of the town to drive the well to a greater depth in the hope that the precious fluid may be encountered in commercial quantities.

Six or more companies, whose capital varies from \$500,000 to \$10,000,000 and whose total capitalization is approximately \$20,000,000 have formed an oil merger. The assets of the consolidated companies include areas in practically every district where drilling is now being carried on, 100,000 acres of land and seven drilling outfits. The principal operations of the merger, it is announced, will be for the purchase of the Dingman interests, which have separate properties and land.

Every available inside office has been taken over by oil brokers, and rents are high in consequence. There are over one hundred oil exchanges. Oil signs, brazenly proclaiming the merits of the various oil companies, stare at



THE INTERIOR OF THE DINGMAN WELL

you from all sides. Bill-boards, wagons, sandwich men, handbills and daily stock quotations on street blackboards and in newspapers, testify to the intense oil excitement. There are many millionaires on paper; some with real money. Those who possessed and disposed of leases are amongst the latter class.

Many notable geologists have been attracted to Calgary in connection with the oil. The London Mining Institute has a representative on the ground. From every active and declined oil field in the United States they have come. It is reported that the British Mining Institute has commissioned Sir Trewatha James to make a detailed report on the entire field, which will eventually come before the British Admiralty. And finally H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, Governor General of Canada, accompanied by the Duchess and Princess Patricia, has visited the oil fields in his last trip west.

Much controversy has arisen over the merits and demerits of crude black oil and the white or yellow oil that has been found and is now produced in the Dingman well. It seems to be the general opinion, and again and again it has been stated, that we cannot have a commercial oil field until crude oil is encountered. Speaking before the Calgary Advertising Club on the sixteenth of July, A. W. Dingman, after whom the discovery well is named, and a pioneer in gas and oil operations in Alberta, said:

"I have asked an eminent geologist why he should want to find black oil in preference to the white oil we are now producing, and when he got down to facts, he simply could not explain. If our yellow oil sells for \$8 a barrel, why should we want oil that brings only 75c. a barrel, and that then has to be refined. Then again, people actually tell me that the oil is not where it is. They say it has seeped from five miles away. In my opinion, the oil we are taking out of the Dingman well to-day could not squeeze through five miles of that sand rock formation in ten thousand years. It is just a case of Mother Nature refining the oil for Alberta and some of her children still crying for milk when they could have cream. This district is a puzzle for geologists, and we must go slowly, but we are fortunate in having enough capital to finance the field in one-tenth the time that it would have taken ten years ago without the enthusiasm of the present and its mechanical equipment."

The oil business is a serious one, requiring large capital. After the land or lease has been acquired, about \$50,000 is required to purchase and install the equipment. Contractors charge

from \$7 to \$11 per foot to drill, but even this price does not include casing. A well may cost \$25,000 to \$100,000 to drill, depending on the depth at which oil is struck and the success met with in extracting or losing a casing. A well-known authority told me he would not attempt any well without a clear fund of \$60,000 to do it with—all equipment being found.

Calgary is confident—absolutely confident—that in the end she will prove triumphantly to the world the legitimacy and extent of her oil field such as she anticipates—such as geologists anticipate—and this confidence is clearly manifest in both the speech and actions of her citizens. The optimism of the westerner is prevalent

"Motherer"

Continued from page 328

ashamed to go in just at mealtime, like I wanted something—so I went away."

"Oh, Jack! where to?"

"Oh," with his lightest manner, "I—er—you remember old gray Billy, the horse that hauled the wood? Well, I just went down to his stable, by the river, and he was there, and he knew me, and he was so warm and the straw was real deep, and I guess I fell asleep there."

I caught the chapped little hands in mine: "Jack—Jack boy! listen to me—be honest, dear, to your old chum! You had no supper—have you had any breakfast? Have you had any lunch?"

He lifted his head high, but it could not stay lifted. His white face drooped—his voice shook, as he admitted frankly, "I guess—I'm pretty hungry. Something keeps biting at me, and I get kind of dizzy when I walk."

I rushed from the room, turning the key in the lock as a precaution, and presently I managed to get some sandwiches and a bowl of coffee.

As Jack began ravenously on his food, I said to him: "Gently, laddie, not so fast!" and presently, as color crept into his cheeks, he offered me a string of beads from his pocket, that had been intended to reward some Indian brave, saying: "These may come useful to you when you're playing *Pocahontas* or something."

"No, Jack, your mother will have use for them when you go back."

"I'm not going back!" he answered, firmly.

"Not going back—why, are you here without your mother's permission?"

"Yes."

"Why, what will she do?"

"I guess she won't do much!" he answered, bitterly.

"But dear, I thought you loved her?"

"Well, didn't I? Didn't I get licked when big boys guyed her? Didn't I learn all my parts right away so as not to worry her? Didn't I stay in and go to bed, when I could have lied and gone with the gang, after she had started for the theatre? Didn't I do all her errands, and when she sent me for her lunch after the play, did I ever take even a nibble or hook a penny?"

"I don't believe you ever did—but think, Jack, how she loves you!"

"Yes, in holes and corners, where people didn't see her, she used to love me sometimes. Besides, people don't want thieves about them!"

"Thieves—why, Jack?"

"She said it! She said it!" he sobbed in a red fury. "My own motherer said it! I wouldn't have cared if she had licked me to pieces for losing the money, but she said I stole it!" and he folded his thin little arms against the wall, and hiding his face, sobbed heavily.

I drew him to me: "Tell me about it, Jack." With nervous fingers, pushing the hairpins back and forth in my hair, he told me of the boy whose aunt kept a candy shop, and how he used to give the gang candy and chewing gum, claiming his aunt gave him the things. One day after filling Jack's pockets, he came back very frightened and admitted that he had stolen the things, but promised if Jack would not tell on him, that he would never do it again. Jack promised not to betray him. That same day Mrs. Brandish had given Jack money and sent him to buy some play books. He started, but being by way of learning to walk on his hands, had practiced a little on the sidewalks and while thus reversed had undoubtedly lost the money from his pocket. After vain search he went home and told Mrs. Brandish of his loss. She was angry, and turning out his pockets in her determined seeking, found the packets of gum, the candy, and some new marbles. She charged Johnnie with stealing and spending the money. Half wild, the child denied the charge. Then she said: "Account for your possession of these things! A gift?" She laughed at the idea. "What was the name and address of the generous one?" He told her he had promised, had crossed his heart not to tell, and she curled her lip at him, and sneered:

"Ah, I see! Honor among thieves!" and Jack had turned and left the house.

Suddenly he drew away from me. "Maybe you think, I took it, too?" he said suspiciously.

"No, Jack, I know you didn't! But go back to mother—she will be so troubled!"

"No—people don't trouble about thieves, not even motherers! But I guess I'll have to go now. I'm going to see if anybody wants a boy for

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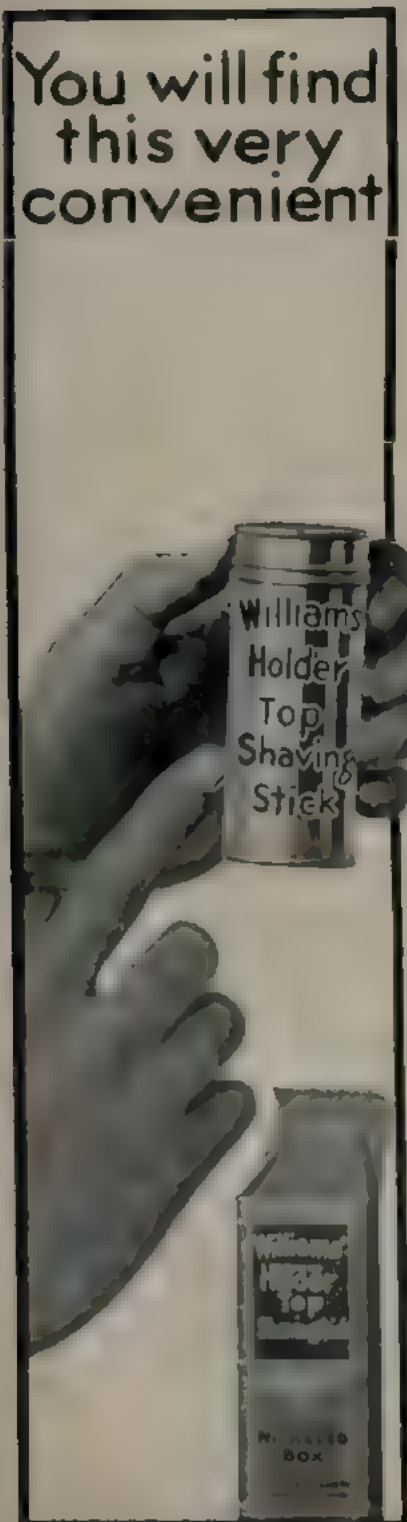
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Who Ever Forgot His First Dish of Puffed Grains?

You have forgotten, no doubt, when you first tasted most things. But one always remembers the first dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

Look back—you who know them. Note how well you recollect the first sight of them. What other food dainty in all your lives ever left such an impression?

• Your Time is Coming

Your time is coming—if it hasn't come—when you learn the delights of Puffed Grains. Some day you will order a package. Out will roll brown, bubble-like grains, eight times normal size.

You will see crisp, airy, fragile morsels which seem too good to eat. You will serve them with cream and sugar, mix them with fruit, or float like crackers in bowls of milk. And you will find that these thin-walled, flaky grains have a taste like toasted nuts.

You will never forget that morning.

Puffed Wheat, - 10c
Puffed Rice, - - 15c

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These are Prof. Anderson's foods—made by his patent process. Every food granule is steam-exploded for easy, complete digestion. Every food atom is made available.

So these are more than dainties. In all the ages, no other process has so fitted grains for food. That is the main reason why you should know them. Get a package of each—get them to-day—and see which kind you like best.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

errands, or perhaps I can help in a
staid—

Poor slender little chap, with great purplish half rings beneath his eyes, his services would not be in great demand. And as I puzzled over a means of keeping him longer, the awaited quick step came up the hall, the imperative knock followed, and then the manager was handing me a play book, and exclaiming in well-simulated surprise: "Why, halloo, Jack! Where did you come from?"

The boy made a spring to secure his cap, then, disarmed by the manager's manner, recovered his self-possession, shook hands, and for a time gravely discussed theatricals. Suddenly Mr. I asked: "Well, what about your mother?"

"Oh, she's a big favorite, just as she was here. But she don't like the city yet, she's kind of homesick for this place."

"Humph! Have you sent her any letter yet?"

Jack's eyes fell: "Why, no sir, I've only been away such a short time, that—"

"Well," said the manager, sharply, "it's time for you to go back now! You've treated yourself to the wild sweet joy of running away, leaving your mother to pay the whistle! Now back you go!"

"No, sir, motherer don't want me, she thinks bad things of me!"

"And what do you think *she's* doing meanwhile?"

"Why, she's acting with Mr. Muddock, of course." The manager shook his head, and Jack's eyes opened wide with surprise. "She ain't had a fall? The doctor said her bones was too little for her weight." Another shake of the head. "They haven't engaged anyone else when she's such a favorite?"

"I guess they've had to, as she is broken flat down on her bed from worry about you."

Jack's lips quivered piteously. He crept to my side, and as if I had not heard, muttered hoarsely: "Motherer's sick! Please can you help me to go back to her?"

"Here, you read him this," and he handed me a scrawl in Mrs. Brandish's hand. It was an entreaty that if anyone saw her Johnnie he should be told that a Danny Pierson had been arrested for robbing his aunt's shop and had confessed distributing the spoils and that she, Johnnie's mother, had been cruelly mistaken, and was suffering for her boy.

But Jack paid no attention to me as I read this vindication of his boyish honor. He impatiently waved the note aside, repeating anxiously: "Can you help me, please, motherer's sick?"

The manager got him a thicker

jacket. I washed and brushed and then dined him, and when the time came to start he shook hands casually, but out in the dim hall, his man-about-town manner fell from him, his thin little arms went about my neck, his hot cheek pressed close to mine and he besought: "You think motherer will get well, don't you—oh, don't you?"

Years swept by and "Little Jack" was little no longer, but was known to his comrades as "Jolly Captain Jack Brandish of the Cavalry," who followed faithfully the "guidon," as a cavalry man should. Writing to me just after his promotion, he said:

And by the way, I used to have the most profound admiration for your astonishingly variegated knowledge. But I say, you did turn your imagination loose on me once! What a boulder that was about the Indians being all tamed. You wretch! That was years ago, yet "Old Gray Wolf Crook" with sweet persuasiveness is still taming Indians—a task that I've been able to help on a little bit. God bless him, for a rare good man and a mighty fighter!

Dear chum of days ago—ah, yes, you know already, for when did I ever come to you without wanting something. But will you, there in the East, secure for me the play books on inclosed list; also the wigs, beards, and box of make-up. Don't laugh, for let me tell you that about Christmas time, out here at the post, private theatricals are highly esteemed, and yours truly becomes quite the king-pin—in fact as stage manager I'm a far bigger thing than I'm likely to become as an officer. Will you send the things? Of course you will! So for the little fellow's sake, you will help out the long-legged Jack of to-day? Thank you, anyway, in advance!

Mother—Lord! how hard it is to this day to knock off that extra syllable! Hang'd if I'll do it now—being it is to you! Motherer is up in Canada now and can't play on special c... God bless her! She seem to have... the welfare and fighting ability of the whole of Uncle Sam's army depends upon the valor and honor of her Johnnie, and it almost breaks her heart to use the bits of money I send her—because they have belonged to me!

(Excuse me—an orderly with a message)

Oh! where's my head! The General himself—Old Gray Wolf—has expressed a personal desire to have me go out with his picked party to-night. This will be honor enough for me for a lifetime. There won't be any sounding of "Boots and Saddles," only after "laps" when all is quiet, we will slip out and away! The old General has the scent of a hound for trouble! And you—you could tell a trusting child that the Indians were all tamed long ago!

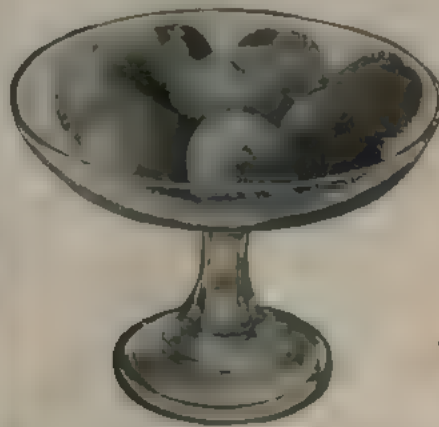
A Five-Cent Banquet

The costliest banquet ever spread, with all the gastro-nomic concoctions that culinary genius can devise could not contain as much real body-building, digestible nutriment as two



Shredded Wheat Biscuits

the food that contains all the elements in the whole wheat grain steam-cooked, shredded and baked. It is what you digest, not what you eat, that builds muscle, bone and brain. The filmy, porous shreds of whole wheat are digested when the stomach rejects all other foods. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits, with milk or cream and sliced peaches, make a complete, perfect meal at a cost of five or six cents.



Always heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness; then cover it with sliced peaches or other fresh fruit and serve with milk or cream. Try toasted Triscuit, the Shredded Wheat Wafer, for luncheon with butter, cheese or marmalades.

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Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East

Take my hand, chum—wish me good luck! Good-by!

Yours ever affectionately,

Jack Brandish, U. S. A.

P. S.—I must send one word to motherer!

A young, recently married couple had been having the usual half pathetic and wholly amusing experiences incident to somewhat limited means and total inexperience. One Saturday

there was a hitch in the delivery of the marketing, and Sunday found them with a practically empty larder. When dinner time came the young wife burst into tears.

"Oh, this is horrible!" she wept. "Not a thing in this house for a dog to eat! I am going home to mamma!"

"If you don't mind, dear," the husband exclaimed, as he visibly brightened and reached for his hat, "I'll go with you!"

When Motoring

slip a package of Ingersoll
Cream Cheese in the
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has a distinctive flavor—much
nicer than ordinary cheese.
Wholesome and nourishing.
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FOR INFANTS

Will Bring Your Baby Safely Through
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"We put our
Milk on
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and it was
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111 Bouthice Ave.
Neave's Food is sold in 1 lb. tins
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the streets and the
city for
the first time
of the day. I have seen

Mrs. J. W. PALEMA
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FREE TO MOTHERS—Write for free
tin of Neave's Food and copy of our
book 'Hints About Baby', to the

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Mrs. J. R. NEAVE & CO., England.



This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

WHAT marvels have happened in this round world since last we took the road, Pack on back! It was along a quiet country road, lined by fence and hedge. The smell of the hay yet lingered over the ground, and already the new grass was greening upward. There were flowers by the wayside to gather if one had a mind to, and carry gaily in a nosegay. There were birds chirping excitedly as they flocked preparatory to the long flight towards warm winter quarters; the road is the same, the grass still grows greenly though the scent of the hay has gone with the birds; there are yet wayside flowers sturdily blooming amid the haze of autumn, but just now a company of boys in khaki marched smartly through the city streets behind us and there is the sound of drums beating, and somewhere—afar off—the heavy thunder of guns

THE SIGNS

IT was sometime in January, if you remember, that the Pedlar wandering into Scripture-land, filled his Pack with what are called the "Signs of the Times." The signs led steadily to where the guns are booming and men are marching to-day. This war of worlds which some men called Armageddon, cannot be that Armageddon of Revelations but a warning that the time draws nigh.

The increase of preparations for war in a time of peace was a sign. The repudiation of sound doctrine by the Church, is a sign.

That time is with us now.

Every holy day men stand in pulpits repudiating fundamental doctrines. We have been told by a professed minister, that God, being no stonemason (consider the profan-

ity of this witticism) never wrote the law on tables of stone. We have heard college professors declare that there is no hell-fire, no punishment for sin. These men are but fulfilling the prophecy that the Church, that professed Christians, should be "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God."

Christian Science is a Sign of the Times. Read what I. M. Haldeman, D. D., says in his wonderful books "The Coming of Christ" and "The Signs of the Times"—books written with such simplicity that a child may learn. According to this recognized authority Christian Science fulfills the prophecy:—"Who is a liar, but he that denieth Jesus is the Christ. He is Antichrist that denieth the Father and the Son."—John 2. 22.

"Christian Science is the shadow of the Antichrist, his forerunner and herald . . . Here is a false teacher coming in the name of Christ and with such power that, if it were possible, it might deceive the very elect," says Dr. Haldeman.

Emanuelism is another Sign and another shadow of the Antichrist. Millionaireism is another Sign. Socialism another.

But the greatest of all the Signs is the revival of Judaism. "They shall ask their way of Zion with their faces thitherward"—Jeremiah 50, 5. That movement has been stirring for more than a hundred years. Already thousands of Jews have returned to the land of their forefathers. The Jews are buying and selling land in their own country. The Turkish Government has invited the Jew to "become a participant citizen in the covenant land."

These are some of the Signs which he who runs may read.

Waltham Watches



Generally speaking, extremely thin watches are to be regarded with caution. But when Waltham places its name upon a watch, that watch is *right*.



The Waltham "Colonial" Watches are wafer-thin, supremely strong, supremely handsome. And they keep time as well as they look. These artistic timepieces satisfy the most exacting requirements of business, professional and social life. They give a lifetime—and more—of that kind of splendid service which is summarized in the word: "Waltham".

You can get an excellent Waltham "Colonial" Watch for as little as \$29 and the full Waltham guarantee goes with it. Ask your jeweler to show you this watch.

Write us for booklet and general information

Waltham Watch Company

Canada Life Bldg., St. James Street, Montreal



In making jams and jellies the least expensive item is the sugar

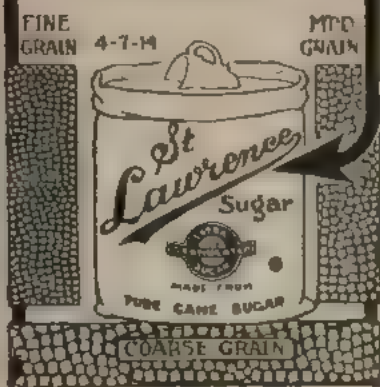
YET the sugar is the most important ingredient because if its quality is not right, your confections will ferment, spoil, not be sufficiently sweet or be flavourless.

With St. Lawrence Sugar results are always satisfactory.

St. Lawrence Extra Granulated Sugar is sold in 2 lb. and 5 lb. sealed cartons, and in bags of 10 lbs., 20 lbs., 25 lbs., 50 lbs., and 100 lbs.

Order a bag of St. Lawrence Extra Granulated Sugar Blue Tag the Medium Size Grain. This size suits most people best, good grocers everywhere can supply you.

St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries, Limited, Montreal.



THE MYSTIC SEVEN

ACCORDING to certain chronological data, the month of October, 1914, sees the end of the seven times of power of the Gentiles. While the actual Gentile period is not definitely stated, students of the Scriptures agree that in the mystic number seven may be found the solution. The "Seven Times" of Scripture are symbolic. A year in symbol represents seven times 360, or 2,520 years. Based strictly on symbolical chronology, therefore, this 2,520 years (the Time of the Gentiles) beginning in 606 B.C., will end in October, 1914 A.D.

Before the universal peace there will be the collapse of the nations through a fierce strife, "a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation." I am writing in the first week of the great European war. What may happen between now and the hour these words see print, no man may say. Germany may have fallen. The Kaiser may have been assassinated by one of his Socialists. Empires and monarchies may have been overturned and the world be settling into one vast republic. Or there may remain four great empires or nations which under the ten promised Kings may rule until the real Armageddon comes upon us. In any case we are in the time of strife and trouble in which "there shall be no peace to him that goeth out, nor to him that cometh in." Whatever may be the outcome after the shocking massacre of millions of men, it is a time now for humiliation of spirit, for prayer and for watching. Though Christ shall come upon us "like a thief in the night," He has undoubtedly given us many warnings, and he is but a fool who passes by with a laugh, unseeing with his dull eyes the fulfilment of the ancient prophecies which stare at him from every headline of the daily paper. The times teem with the Signs. They tell us that "the judge standeth at the door and bid us be ready—should the Bridegroom come."

CANADA'S WOMEN HELP

AT the moment of writing Canadian women are busy outfitting the Hospital Ship presented to them by that man of large heart and open hand, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Every Canadian woman should have at least a copper in it. And I think every one of us has gone as far as a nickel anyway. That she will be splendidly equipped we have no doubt. That her work may be light, we pray. We never hear the military bands, the beating of drums, the marching of many feet without thinking of the sorrow of women.

"Mary, pity women!"

It is the Taste, the Flavor of

BAKER'S COCOA

**That Makes It
Deservedly Popular**



Registered
Trade-Mark

An absolutely pure, delicious and wholesome food beverage, produced by a scientific blending of high-grade cocoa beans subjected to a perfect mechanical process of manufacture.

Made in Canada by

Walter Baker & Co. Limited

Established 1780
Montreal, Can. Dorchester, Mass.

Children Teething

Mothers should give only the well-known



The many millions that are annually used constitute the best testimonial in their favor, they are guaranteed by the proprietor to be absolutely free from opium. See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Refuse all not so distinguished.

Small Packets, 9 Powders
Large Packets, 30 Powders

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL STORES.
MANUFACTORY: 156 NEW NORTH ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

To stay at home quietly is not always the easiest thing to do. In women's breasts burn the same patriotic fires, the same desire to defend, to help, the same excitement and longing to be where the heart of the great world leaps at the moment, as stirs the soul of the fighting man; but our part is to stay behind and hold the Fort of Home. Not all of us are able to go out as the nurses go—giving active help—but every one of us has the desire to do so, and every woman who put one copper into the Canadian Hospital Ship has helped actively. Woman's share in wars has been the passive but terrible one of unutterable grief and loss. On her the burden falls heaviest. When we read of the dead and dying who lie piled before the gates of the beleaguered city we know that every lad lying there was somebody's son or father, or brother or sweetheart. There is no man so low in the human scale, so bereft of friends but some woman cares for him. And how that woman may suffer! Her cries of pain, her anguished entreaty must grieve the very Heart of God.

THE WANDERING BOY

THE writer remembers more vividly than many another gruesome incident, the death of a fair haired boy on the apparently abandoned ship that brought back to the United States some of the Boys in Blue who fought so valiantly in Cuba for Old Glory. He was a boy of the Michigan Rifles—or some Michigan regiment—and was far gone in fever. The night before he went away forever, he was crooning "Oh, Where is my Wandering Boy to-night—" as though the very soul of his mother were crying within him. It was a murky and hot and desolate night, and we were tramping heavily up from Santiago. The soldiers were lying three and two in a bunk, and the mate of the dying lad lay with his shoulder turned from him, asleep. There was hardly any light in the pit of the ship, and the heat and stench was sickening. Babbling his little song, the young soldier fell into his last sleep as the day broke and the shadows fled away. He had wandered far—poor boy who had never fired a shot, never laid eyes on an enemy, but had all the same died for his Flag. And I thought of his mother, as I wiped the death sweat from his face with a small American flag, and I felt a shadow of the inexpressible grief and pain that would fall on her—as one mother would for another. They buried him in the great sea at dawn, without cover or shroud—or weights—for all had been used for others, and there was nothing left for him. Over he went starkly in



In Spotless Town this teacher rules
The new Domestic Science Schools.
"A little loaf is good," she said.
"It helps to make us better bred."
We soften crusty natures so
By polishing with

SAPOLIO

TRY this on your dirtiest,
greasiest pan:

Rub just the amount of
Sapolio you need on a damp
cloth. Scour the black sur-
face of the pan.

Sapolio quickly drives the
grease and grime

Sapolio keeps your hands
soft and works *without waste*.

Out!

FREE SURPRISE FOR CHILDREN

DEAR CHILDREN:

WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU
A TOY SPOTLESS TOWN—JUST LIKE THE
REAL ONE, ONLY SMALLER. IT IS 8¼
INCHES LONG. THE NINE (9) CUNNING
PEOPLE OF SPOTLESS TOWN, IN COLORS,
ARE READY TO CUT OUT AND STAND UP.
SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Company, Sole Manufacturers, New York City



his stained blue uniform, the sun
glinting on his fair head—and down
a-wandering went he into the depths
of the mighty ocean.

A far wandering, O poor mother who
was watching and waiting at home
for the boy who marched away so
gaily with his regiment but would
return no more.

And this is why, perhaps—when I
hear the throb of the drum, and the
clear call of the bugle, and the sound
of marching feet coming down the

street—I think never of the glory of
victory, the return of the triumphant
troops, the adoration of the populace,
but always of the women behind the
closed doors who will be mourning for
the touch of the vanished hand, and
the sound of the beloved voice that
will never be heard again

QUEEN MARY

PERHAPS the most Christian woman
in England is Queen Mary. She
is undoubtedly a holy woman. They

JAEGER

Fine Pure Wool



Points About Jaeger Sweaters

EVERY man, woman and child in Canada needs a good Sweater for sport, wear in all seasons and on any occasion—ones—ones that will fit snugly, look well and wear well.

The point in a Jaeger sweater is that it is pure wool well knitted, well made, latest style, with or without collars, and at moderate prices.

For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout the Dominion

Dr. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLLE SYSTEM C.
TOMONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

Boys---Here's an Offer from Matthewson, the World's Greatest Baseball Pitcher

You do a little spare time work for Matthewson, and he will show you in return how to pitch **FREE** his Fade-Away curve

Now, boys, is the chance to show what you're made of. Here's Matthewson, the great Christy Matthewson, who is the do and it's a hero of baseball fans, who has won five championships for the New York Giants by his superb pitching—willing to show you all the inside secrets of his famous "fade-away" curve and coach you into becoming the boy-wonder pitcher of your town, if you have the grit and gameness to work a little during your spare time.

But you've got to show Matthewson that your blood is red. "Mat" is one of the finest fellows alive and he'll show you how to just make all the

other boys in your town look like monkeys when you're pitching, but you've got to work to make good. You never can be a good baseball pitcher if you're not game, and if you're not game enough to sell a few papers and collect for them during spare time each week to get Matthewson's lessons in Pitching, why Matthewson doesn't want you.

But if you're a live one "Mat" will take you into his confidence, explain his secrets of all his own pitching, and show you every trick he knows. And the other boys in your town will have a change of heart, and will be glad to have plenty of pocket money all the time.

Here Is Matthewson's SPECIAL FREE OFFER

To learn to be a real pitcher takes nerve and work. Boys with "no low streaks" in them must learn Matthewson's way. If you want to be one of his boys, working and trading leg under arm, you have got to show him your gameness right from the start.

When you get a real coupon you will receive Matthewson's "Fade-Away" Curve. You will also receive a package of Saturday Blades and Chicago Cubs. You are to deliver the Blades and Cubs to the regular collection and get in the money for them. It is no the way you make good with the paper, but you show your future with the base as less as Matt's good boy, and you never get to be a low ball. You are to be a boy who is deserving of his teaching. You can be the champion of your town. Just give me what Matt's coupon is you.

Learn just how to grip the ball, how to place your feet, how to swing your arm, how to put the "fade-



FREE This Personal Instruction from Matty is an Honor for Any Boy

It's an honor few boys can attain—to get personal instruction from a pitcher like Matthewson, the great one, pitcher the world has ever seen. Only one boy in a town may have it write today. Send no money, simply write and mail the coupon. The first grade lesson by Matthewson on how to throw the "fade-away" curve will be sent by return mail. Go right to it—make good. Don't be an idle. Come along, and get in with Matthewson. **SEND THE COUPON.**

SEND ME MATTHEWSON'S LESSON FREE.

Count me in as one of the boys who want to be like Matty. I will be a famous pitcher, for I will be like him in every way and I will be like him and collect the money.

Name _____

Address _____

Mail to W.D. Boyce Co., Dept. 62 Chicago

tell a pretty story—quite true and authentic—of how hearing a certain missionary preach in London when she was Prince Mat's mother with her mother, the beloved Duchess of Teck, she got that lady to invite the preacher to the White Lodge there to give an address to a number of the great ladies of the Court. Driving with the missionary to White Lodge, the Prince remarked:

"It is a great comfort to feel that one is almost assured of being saved." The missionary asked me how he came to feel that as a man, he replied simply:

"Because of a little tract a poor woman sent me once. It was addressed to me without a word or name, and ever since I have felt the happy assurance that I was in the right way towards salvation." The name of the little tract is "Safety, Certainty, and Enjoyment."

The present King and Queen are indeed Christian people. You will hear persons say that King George is a weakling as compared with his much beloved father Edward VII. But the contrary is the case. King George is in every way the greater man. You will hear Queen Mary spoken of as "the knitting Queen." You will read about her in the American papers as old fashioned in manners, and dowdy in dress, and "bossy" in character, but she is really the Valiant Woman of the Scriptures—a greater woman than Alexandra, or even than Queen Victoria. She lives a perfect Christian life. Her heart—far from being narrow or unsympathetic—teems with charity and affectionate regard towards the weak or unfortunate, especially for poor mothers and poor children. She leans absolutely on God and the Bible and regulates her life according to all that is wise and good. She is so good and modest that the more frivolous Court ladies consider her humdrum and staid, and sometimes, in secret, laugh at her.

But England has had no greater Queen.

FOOLISH PROPHETS

THE annual prophets missed a great opportunity. Not one of them foretold a great war—not even a little war. Old Moore, in fact, has been quite premature. He is out with the 1915 predictions already. A most peaceful year! A year worth waiting for! O wise Old Moore! A Member of Parliament in Westminster will pass over to the majority, likewise a painter of note, whereupon there will be joy in the studios. A regular-line stock-size sort of year, 1915. There seems no urgent necessity for trying to remove to another planet. We think Old Moore must

have been prophesying in his sleep!

The pictures are the finest thing in placid Old Moore. They are the usual jumble of men and beasts, angels and the other sort, bagpipes and Noah's Arks. March celebrates the apotheosis of the Pig, and we hate to think that Old Moore had the seventeenth of Ireland in his eye when he drew it.

For there is a pig, an obese pig, seated in an armchair watching two cats—presumably from Kilkenny—fighting near by. In the May picture we see a burdened elephant—probably sent by Dr. Singh—a tent erected on his back, and, hanging on a sort of telephone transmitter which emerges from the tent, is a severed human head. "The tent," says the ancient Moore, "points to trouble not to say crime."

As a last word the venerable Sage tells us that important and talented people will find 1915 worth waiting for. Promotion is sure to come to some of them. A well-known actor is to have an exceptionally sad end—and a well-staged funeral in June.

This with a world-war raging in 1914.

LITTLE BIG MEN

YOUR little man is frequently very big. The smallest man, except midshipmen, in the British Navy is Vice-Admiral Sir John Rushworth Jellicoe, K. C. B. who is in command of Great Britain's North Sea fleet as full Admiral. He is a stout little man with a strong kindly face. You would never suspect him of being a martinet, but his men know him to be one of the strictest of commanders, and to him our navy owes its complete reorganization and immense improvement in gunnery practice. He is fifty-five and as hale and hearty as a boy. He has had many escapes from death. He was one of the very few officers saved when the Camperdown rammed the Victoria—a catastrophe that came like a bolt from the blue twenty years ago. In the Boxer War Sir John was shot through the lungs, but you would never know it if you saw him standing—his legs wide apart—issuing orders from his Admiral's perch—whatever part of a man-o'-war that may be. He is a darling little man all through, and was the bantam-weight boxer of his day and a dandy at football. The sort of man a fine, big, tall, healthy girl would go mad about, and did, and gave him three girls as pretty and as fine as herself. He lives in London, and it was the Pedlar's pleasure more than once to walk a pace or so behind him, and wonder at the amount of good dry powder that can be stored up in one small magazine-man.

A 25 Cent Size.

Quaker Oats is put up in both the large 25 cent package and the 10 cent size. The larger size saves buying so often—saves running out. Try it—see how long it lasts.



Study Time

Demands a Breakfast of Delicious Quaker Oats

With school-time comes the time for Quaker Oats—the finest form of Nature's choicest food.

It abounds in the elements which active brains require. One large dish supplies the energy for five or six hours of study.

As a food for growth, as a vim-producer, nothing else compares with Quaker Oats.

Don't serve as a dainty only—in little dishes just to start the meal. Children need an abundance. Begin every school day with a liberal dish. It will better the day.

Quaker Oats

Just the Large, Luscious Flakes

Quaker is made of just the big plump grains. They have the greatest food value, the most luscious flavor. We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

This extra quality means a delightful dish. It means rare aroma and taste. You can have it every morning at no extra price if you simply order Quaker.

10c and 25c per package
Except in far West.



The Greatest Motor Car Value Ever Offered

NOW, with pride, we announce our latest car—Model 80—the greatest value this factory has ever placed on the market.

Model 80 has a brand-new stream-line body. Its full sweeping stream-lines blend and harmonize perfectly with the balance of the symmetrical design. All visible lines are absolutely clean, unbroken and uninterrupted.

The new crowned moulded fenders, new rounded radiator, new hood slightly sloped, and flush U doors with disappearing hinges, contribute the additional touches of exterior grace and modishness which distinguish costly imported cars.

The new tonneau is much larger—both in width and depth.

The new cushioned upholstery is also considerably deeper and softer.

This model is equipped with the finest electric starting and

electric lighting system. All switches, in a compact switch box, are conveniently located on the steering column. Thus, in the driving position, without stretching forward or bending down, you start the

car, drive the car and control the electric horn and all head, side, tail and dash lights.

This car has left-hand drive and center control.

The tires are larger this year, being 34 inch by 4 inch all around. These tires can be quickly detached from the rims which are demountable. One extra rim furnished.

Ignition is high tension magneto, independent of starting and lighting system. It requires no dry cells.

This new Overland rides with remarkable smoothness, taking the ruts and rough spots with the ease of the highest priced cars.

There is the famous, powerful, speedy, snappy, economical and quiet 35 horsepower Overland motor; and a long wheelbase of 114 inches.

This car comes complete. Electric starter, electric lights, built-in windshield, mohair top and boot, extra rim, jeweled magnetic speedometer, electric horn, robe rail, foot rest and curtain box.

This new model is ready for your inspection in practically every city and town in the country.

Dealers are now taking orders. Make arrangements now for your demonstration.

A Few of the 1915 Model 80 Features

Motor 35 h. p.
New full stream-line body
Instrument board in cowl dash
Individual front seats, high backs
Tonneau, longer and wider
Upholstery, deeper and softer
Windshield, rain vision, ventilating type, built-in
Crowned fenders
Electric starter
Electric lights
High-tension magneto
Thermo-syphon cooling
Five-bearing crankshaft
Rear axle, floating type
Spring, rear, 3-4 elliptic, extra long, underslung
Wheelbase, 114 inches
Larger tires, 34 inch x 4 inch
Demountable runs—one extra
Left-hand drive
Beautiful new Brewster green body finish
Complete equipment

Handsome 1915 Catalogue on request.
Please address Dept. 2

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Two passenger Roadster, \$1390.

Prices f. o. b. Hamilton, Ont.

Admiral Sir George Callaghan, K. C. B., was not born in Italy as you might at first imagine, but in good old County Cork. He commands the British First Sea Fleet, or Home Fleet, and is Britain's greatest naval adviser on fortifications. 'Tis what Betty would call "a quare brood of thim" they have on land and sea. Bobs of Waterford, K. of K.,—Kerry, as well as Khartoum,—Callaghan of Cork, Carson of Belfast, Redmond of Dublin, and every other mother's son of them from the top of Ulster to the last edge of the bog in Munster. Not all of them are little, as witness Sir Edward of Ulster, K. of K., and Callaghan of Cork, but two of them are, wee Bobs and Redmond, while Jellicoe, Englishman, and able British seaman, is king pin of them all.

WHAT ? ? ?

WHAT will come out of the war? Will it be one vast Republic, the triumph of Socialism, of Peace, the swifter advance of Science, the uplift of Man to the very throne of God? Will there be a parliament of the nations, an assembly of ten kings or governors, a re-distribution of the nations with one who shall lead the rest, a king of kings and lord of lords? The universal clash has occurred—the map of Europe and Asia must be entirely altered. What will be the outcome?

Looked at from the spiritual side it is a time for humiliation and careful living. It is no time for gathering riches or power, for lusting after any of the so-called precious things of this world. Even a poor Pedlar, fond of his comforts though he most humanly be, has no desire to become a millionaire or try to travel through the eye of a needle. To wiser than he, must be left the readjustment of the things of this world, though, like others, he too, has visions.

THE TRAGEDY OF BOBS

ALL this time the Man at the Cross-roads is waiting to unload a peck of wares for our Pack—little wares the needles and threads, the tapes and thimbles of gossip. Here he is, pipe a-light, leaning on the stile and watching a blood-red sun setting over a blood-red world.

"One thing," he says, "is sure—"(we will not tire you with too much brogue), "and that is that for once Ireland is united. I believe Boyne Billy and Dirty James would march shoulder to shoulder if they were alive to-day. There's only wan man living that I pity, and that is little ould Bob, the biggest hayro of them all. He's eighty-two, and off the firing line, and his heart is broke entirely because he spent himself on



No-Rim-Cut Prices Buy All a Tire Can Give

When you pay more—from \$5 to \$15 more—you waste that extra money. You lose, in addition, the four great features which made Goodyear the leading tire. Look at the facts—the records. There is no way known to build a better tire than Goodyears, measured by cost per mile. Not at ten times our price.

18 Higher Prices

We make these facts emphatic, because 18 American and Canadian makes are selling now at more than Goodyear prices.

No-Rim-Cut prices have gone down and down, to one-half former prices. We have built new factories, installed new machinery, and multiplied our output. We have reduced our profits. And we are content with small profits.

Now, with the increased capacity of Goodyear plants, no rival can compete on an equal grade of tire.

That's the reason for those higher prices. They do not mean that others have excelled us.

What Extra Prices Never Buy

No extra price can buy a tire with our No-Rim-Cut feature. That has wiped out completely the costliest item in upkeep.

No extra-price tire gets the "On-Air" cure. We employ this process at a tremendous extra cost to us, to save the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabrics.

No other tire, at any price, contains hundreds of large rubber rivets created to combat tread separation.

And no price buys another tire with our All-Weather tread. This anti-skid, tough and double-thick, is as flat and smooth-running as a plain tread. Yet it grasps wet roads with deep, resisting, sharp-edged grips.

All higher-priced tires lack all these features found in No-Rim-Cut tires. And they are the greatest features known in tire making.

Millions of Records

Millions of Goodyear tires have been tried out on hundreds of thousands of cars. The result is shown by Goodyear sales—the largest in the world. And there was never a time when men came to Goodyears as fast as they are coming to-day, here in Canada as well as in the United States. Don't

pay a higher price for tires with lesser records.

Almost any dealer, if you ask him, will supply you Goodyear tires.

GOOD YEAR
TORONTO
NO-RIM-CUT TIRES
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED

Head Office, Toronto

Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

A pointer for pencil buyers

We are constantly investigating the pencil item of big concerns (without cost to them) and proving that Blaisdell paper pencils cut their wooden pencil costs one-fourth to one-third (not to mention the time of whittling saved). Blaisdells are "the best buy" from every standpoint of economy, convenience and finish. As a result, you will bring out the same kind of proof.

Blaisdell 7200, hard or soft, is an ideal copying pencil without an equal. It yields seven copies and is a wonder in "lasting" quality. Order by number from your stationer.

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
PHILADELPHIA

Salesmen Wanted

We have several openings for live business getting salesmen with good records. Address sales manager.

JAMES P. EASTON & COMPANY
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KITCHEN and PANTRY ALL in ONE!



THE great feature about a KNECHTEL KITCHEN CABINET is that you can have everything you want in many handsome styles. Write for Booklet "M" showing the various designs.

Look for the Trade Mark

SOLD BY BEST FURNITURE STORES IN EVERY TOWN AND CITY.

KNECHTEL KITCHEN CABINET
REGISTERED

The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co., Ltd.
HANOVER, ONTARIO.

little wars. 'Here's me opportunity,' he sez, 'an' I'm beyant it.' There's a good dale of thradgedy in the world, Pedlar, me boy, but this is wan of the biggest of them. The poor little man an' the heart of him breaking to be at it wid big Kitchener and Callaghan. They took him into the Council chamber, they say, but the divil a wurrd the little man had to say, only sat twiddlin' his thumbs like a child. 'Tis too bad a man's body to be eight, two while his heart is twenty-five. But what troubles Bobs most of all is that he hasn't chick or child to put his feet in his war shoes and trek it across to help little Belgium. Not that she needs help, the spunky crathur. The Bantam of the nations she is, and that reminds me of a game Bantam me father had that was never licked in any pit from Dublin to Derry. He lost every feather on him an' wan eye, in a battle with a big yellow and black rooster from the County Clare, but not till he killed the Clare man dead as a landlord. Naked and unashamed he stood up there and flapped what was left of his right wing at an admirin' audience. Its the same with Belgium, but me heart's leavv for poor little ould Bobs. By the way, over beyond the hill there we have two fine game chickens, Carson and Redmond, and what d'ye think they did when we set them for a round the other night? Lie down they did, like two ould broodin' hens, and that was before a war dhrum sounded, and while Home Rule was still in the ring."

And he spat disgustedly.

"Tis a story or two we were looking for from you, and not bletherings about the war," we told him, but with a shoulder shrug he walked moodily away.

SHIPS OF WAR

ONLY the other day a test mobilization of the fleet was carried out, and the display of Britain's might—the greatest the world has ever seen—took place before the King and Prince of Wales. Let us look at it in this hour of war, as they saw it at Spithead a few weeks ago, and then only a part of it.

Eight battle squadrons of fifty-five ships. One battle cruiser squadron of four ships. Eight cruiser squadrons of twenty armoured and ten protected cruisers. One light cruiser squadron of six ships. One training squadron of seven old but protected cruisers. One mine-layer squadron of seven ships. Thirteen torpedo flotillas of one hundred and eighty seven destroyers and eighty-three torpedo boats. Nine flotillas of fifty-nine submarines. It was found impossible to moor four hundred and ninety-three

ships at Spithead for which reason the King was unable to review the whole force on the one day.

This is what the King saw.

A double line—twenty miles in length—of mobile floating forts, racing battleship cruisers, gunboats, destroyers, torpedo-boats, and submarines, or £700,000,000 of war vessels manoeuvring in a half gale, flying the flags of twenty-five admirals. Never was there a more majestic parade of the world's greatest navy.

And to-day—when you read this—what shall have happened? As I write, we are in the beginning of things. Is it the beginning of the end of all things?

Editor's Note:—Since the above was written, it has been learned that a grateful country has placed Lord Roberts in command of the forces from the Overseas Dominions. We at once telegraphed the good news to the Man at the Crossroads, who lives somewhat away from the beaten track. His reply arrived a moment ago. We give it verbatim. "Dnaleri-La Maldays. More power to th' bantam. He'll hate them yet!"

HARVEST

SEPTEMBER — the month of mystery! Good bye, love songs and roses and welcome, misty, beautiful landscapes.

The harvest moon of August has rejoiced the heart of the husbandman and his summer fallow is ready for his wheat. The stubble has been gleaned by the meadow lark, the bobolinks, and other migrants battenning and fattening against the time for the flight south.

The wayside and hillside—those wild gardens of Nature—are ready to throw countless millions of seeds for the propagation and continuance of their species. The thistle-downs; the wonderful cornucopia of the milkweed, full of silky soft down, brown seeds fastened to each bunch of fine strands; the poppy weed, the wild aster and sunflowers, the wily burr which relies mainly on sticking fast so that it may be torn to pieces and its seeds dropped,—all animal and vegetable life is making harvest for continuance and resurrection after snows have come and gone, as we take ship in our small punt for our one holiday.

He was a Boston man and careful of his grammar and of other folks' grammar.

He asked for a man's comb.

"Do you want a narrow man's comb?" asked the clerk.

"No," said the careful grammarian, "I want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."



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The Woman Of It

Continued from page 334.

was all dark save for the light of one shaded lamp. Its rays fell on the bed and on the marble face and gave to the latter a look of life. Valerie walked across the room swiftly and kneeling down beside Robert pillowed his head on her bare shoulder and put her arms round his neck.

For a moment he endured her caress and then characteristically he tried to move his head, so as to free himself. Valerie quietly laid the beautiful head on the pillow and rose and looked at him. He smiled and then his eyes tried to find Denzil.

"He wants you," said Valerie softly.

"Yes." He spoke in painful gasps.

"I want you—good friend—always—I don't really mind, you know—my voice would have gone—anyhow—"

"Bob!" the old name which he had used when a boy, "Bob! You must not die, old fellow. I can't do without you! I can't."

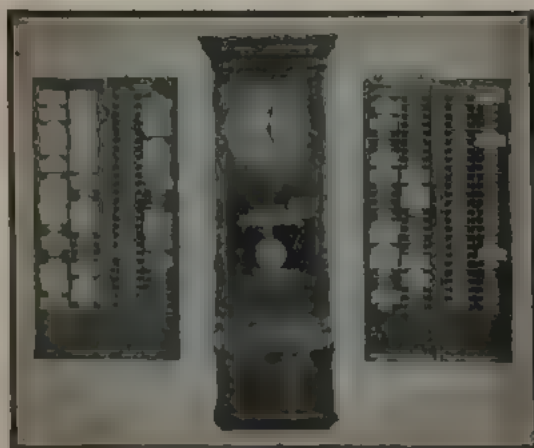
He smiled faintly. "You've her," he said with an effort.

Valerie bent over him. "Have you not a word for me?" she cried. "Just one word, my darling. One word to give me courage. Robert, you love me? For God's sake before you die, say just this once that you do love me!"

"I have never—loved—any other woman—except just—mother," he said, and with that he turned to Denzil, smiled at him once more, and died.

Robert Sinclair had lain in his grave for a week before Denzil had summoned up courage to face Valerie. He had put her into the motor and had sent her back to her father and had remained himself by the bedside of his dead friend. On that night of watching, he tried to put himself in Robert's place with regard to Valerie. And as he sat there alone with his dead, he began to see, dimly at first, but more clearly as he thought on, what the meaning of it all was. These two had loved and had sacrificed their love—to him. It seemed to the humble, loving, little man, as if it were impossible that these two dazzling ones should have put himself in the forefront of their lives should have given up everything, for his sake.

He had known for some little time, that Robert loved Valerie—indeed it had been so that he should see once more the face of his beloved, that he had gone to bring Valerie to him. He had not dreamt that Valerie cared for the singer—had not thought it possible that any man or woman who loved each other could have behaved as these two had done.



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"I could not have done it," he said, in his humility. And now it was all over. Robert was dead—dead in the full flush of his youth, dead almost before he had trod the winepress of life. He had just put his lips to the froth and had sipped it lightly—and now he was dead!

"I loved him, I loved him, I loved him," he said to himself with a sob. "He was always a hero to me. He is a greater hero still, now that I know!"

In that quiet room as he kept vigil, the little man's great soul expanded; there was not a small thought, a fretful regret. Robert Sinclair had stepped through life as a very perfect knight—a knight without fear or reproach, a man whom the gods had dowered with every good gift and whose gift had been crowned with death in his flower!

But he could not go and see Valerie. He said to himself that she must be steeped in her grief. Let her mourn, poor child! But he could not mingle his tears with hers.

And when Robert had been dead a few days, Denzil took it upon himself to look through his papers. He found hardly anything except a letter to himself, which had been addressed, but never sent off.

"Dear old man," it said, "I feel most horribly ill, and I can't help thinking that I am going to die. I don't think I mind, very much—not now. Perhaps if it were in the springtime and I was walking through the parks with you, or sitting at Lord's with you, I should have minded it more! And the shooting, too—and the moors—and the singing—but my throat hurts and I could not sing—perhaps never again and I don't think I want to live, if I could not sing! I should always feel a horrid want. If I die, I want you and Valerie to keep that bust of my mother's and her picture as a wedding present—will you? I should hate to think that my father should have it. He can have everything else I leave, but just not those two things. I can't forgive him, even if I do die, for being a brute to mother."

"The sun is shining as I write and yet I feel so horribly ill. Denzil, old man, is it not queer to think, that next year the spring will come and the flowers will bloom and the sky will be blue and the winds will be lusty and I shall not be there to see? It makes one wonder a little bit what it all means—but I am sure it is quite all right!"

"Anyhow next year, you and Valerie will be happy together—you must tell her I said so."

"I am sure it is quite all right!" He had said that and he must have felt it, for he never said what he did not believe. It comforted Denzil a little although when he brought back to himself the picture of last spring and of Robert walking by his side, it seemed to him as if his heart must break! How he had enjoyed his life! How blithely he had rung and had acted and had lightly walked his pathway of fame—and now he was dead! And then the days passed and still he could not go to Valerie—she had sent a wreath of bays for the grave. He



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had died a conqueror. But she had not sent a word, and Denzil felt as if he could not even go to the house where she lived. He might have stayed away longer still than he did, if he had not by chance stumbled against Martin. The millionaire was hobbling along, leaning on a stick, and his face was almost as worn as Denzil's.

"Hallo," said Martin, as Denzil would have passed him. Denzil stood still, but could not say anything.

"Why don't you go and see Valerie

asked Monro with some effort. "Are you angry with her?"

"Angry? I angry? I do not come because she must hate the sight of me."

"I don't think she does," said Martin pensively. "If I were you, I should

"I dare not, Monro!"

Martin looked at him steadily for a moment and then he said very simply,

"I think she wants consolation."

"I could not comfort her. If it had not been for me, she and he might have

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TORONTO

been happy—and he might have been alive!"

"The 'ifs' are in God's hands," said Martin, quietly.

But still Denzil would not go, until one day, the longing to see Valerie again became so intolerable, that he said to himself, that he would be selfish as usual and would go.

But even then, when he sent his name up, he told the servant to be sure and impress it on his mistress that she should not see him unless she wanted to.

It seemed a long time that he was waiting for him. He caught a glimpse of himself in a mirror as he stood there, insignificant, and looking smaller than ever in the black that he wore for his friend. He seemed to see Robert's handsome head towering above him. He choked down a sob as the door opened and Valerie came in.

She wore her ordinary dress, not mourning, and her lovely face was very pale, very thin and horribly sad, but she came across to him with the old, quick gesture and laid her two hands in his.

"Why have you been so long?" she asked.

"Did you want me, Valerie?" he cried.

"Of course I wanted you! Whom should I want but you?"

"Valerie, I thought you must hate me!"

"But why?" she asked in wonder.

"Because if it had not been for me, you might have been happy—with him."

"But you were there, always," she said, "at the very first, if he and I had wished it, we might have—" she did not finish her sentence.

"But you did wish it?"

"At first I fought against it. I always knew that I loved him. I did not want to love him. I thought of mother's disappointment—that was just at first—"

"Afterwards?"

"Afterwards, I would have gone to him if he had been a beggar begging his bread, if he had been a criminal in prison!"

"Why did you not, my dear?"

"He would not," she said. "Denzil, it was he who was the hero always. I have thought now and again that he did not care so very much—not as much as I did, I know!"

"I think he loved you with all his heart—but he loved honor more!"

"Perhaps," said Valerie drearily and then suddenly she burst into tears. "He is dead, dead," she sobbed. "Denzil, I cannot bear it! I cannot bear to think that I shall never, never see him again!"

"It breaks my heart, too," said Denzil, huskily.

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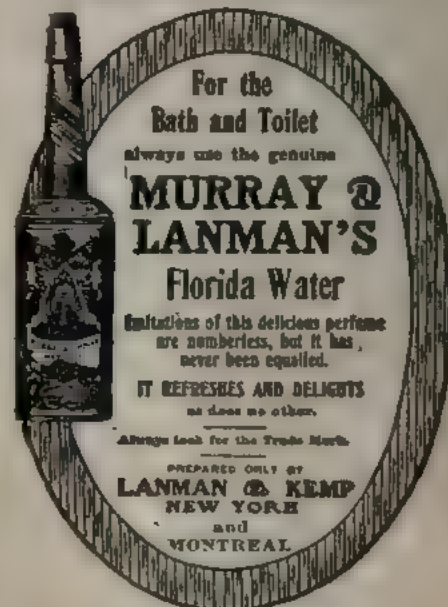
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They were both silent after this outbreak and Valerie dried her tears and put away her handkerchief in a business-like fashion. "I had not intended seeing him again," she said. "When we met in the coppice we said good-bye to each other. Denzil, he never wavered in his loyalty to you! I did!"

"I understand it," he said briefly.

"He kissed me twice," she said. "Once at your mother's ball and another time, just lately, in the coppice. I provoked him to it both times! I wanted him to kiss me, Denzil—but he was angry with himself for having given way. He was truer to you than I was. But I always meant to tell you—after we were married. I hated keeping anything from you!"

"Valerie," he said. "Just tell me one thing straight out, dear. If it had not been for me, would Robert have married you?"

"Yes," she said. "I think he had never loved anyone but me. There were other things that counted in his life, though—he never loved me as you did!"

"He could not have loved you more," said Denzil huskily.

"I know that and he knew it."

Then there was silence in the room and the fire burnt noisily in the grate. Outside, a little rain was falling and the sound of the traffic came up dully to remind them that life was going on as usual although Robert was dead and gone and buried from sight.

"And now I think I must go," said Denzil rising.

"Go," she said. "Why go, Denzil?"

"Why stay?" he asked.

"Then you don't love me as you did?" she said.

"My dear." He said no more, but she saw the look on his face and thought for a moment, that plain as it was, it seemed beautiful.

"Then," she said, "if you love me, why must you leave me? Nothing is changed, except that he is dead—but you and I, Denzil, will always keep his memory in our hearts, will we not, dear?"

"Do you mean," he cried, "that you will marry me, Valerie?"

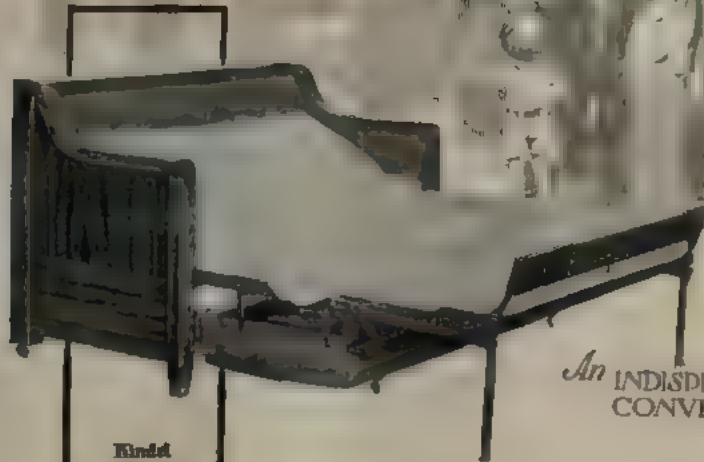
"Did you think that I would not?" she answered.

He came and knelt down beside her. "I did not dare hope," he said. "I thought I had lost you both—you see I never knew that you loved him. How can you love me enough to marry me, Valerie? I have nothing in the world to recommend me—nothing!"

"You are wrong in that!"

"No, no! I am plain and insignificant and you are beautiful and have all the charm of all the women in this world in you!"

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"But Robert knew something different," she said. "Denzil, why do you think so humbly of yourself?"

"I'll not think humbly of myself, if you come to me, Valerie!"

"Then of course," she said simply, "I must come."

Denzil and Valerie were married in January with all the pomp that Mrs. Monro thought suitable to a wedding. Valerie made no demur at all and let her mother heap costly and beautiful garments upon her.

"It is different from the one silk dress period," she said to her father once when they were alone together.

"Yes," he said, and then he looked into her face. "Say you are not unhappy, Valerie!"

"I am quite happy, dad," she answered.

"You look wan."

"I think the crimsons and the golds have gone out of my life, but the greys are very pearly, dad!"

"He is a good fellow, Val!"

"He is more than that" said the girl,



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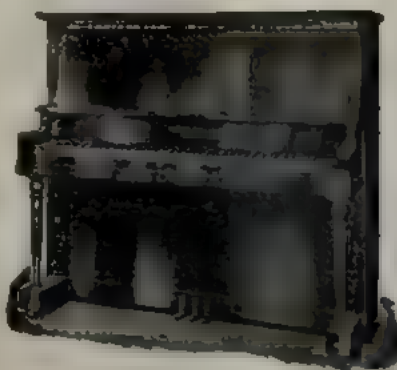
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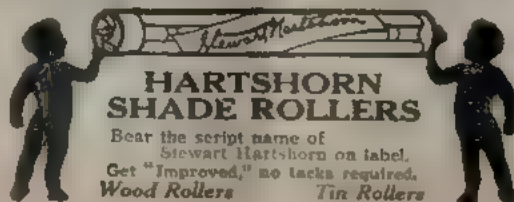
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flashing. "He is a very noble and peerless knight, dad—do you remember of whom and when I said that to you?"

"Of Robert Sinclair, wasn't it?"

"Yes. The first time I had ever seen or heard him—when we came from Lohengrin. Well, Denzil is just that. He has not the outward trappings or accoutrements of knighthood, but he has the chivalrous heart. In that last letter Robert wrote to him, he told him that he could not understand the meaning of life, but he was sure that it was quite all right. That is what our life together is going to be—quite all right."

"Bless you, Valerie," said her father, and kissed her.

The End.

The Town That Wouldn't Wait

Continued from page 326.

climbed aboard and started on west shortly after sunrise.

For the first fifty miles, the dawn departure seemed superfluous; fifteen miles an hour not only was easy, but safe. Then conditions favoring ordinary operation swiftly deteriorated, and we began to get an idea of what "track under construction" might be. The canvas covered log cabins beside the track formed populous communities; from the big grub tents, white wood smoke blew up from the fires where the camp cooks were baking; the train now stopped often to give gangs time to take a track-jack away from between the ties and the guardians of the grade stood attention behind their shovels on both sides of the rails as the train started on again. We were travelling barely at a walking pace.

It became plainer and plainer how powerfully "operation," or lack of "operation" governs the destiny of places. Further back at McBride and at a few other points where operation was no new thing and past which the trains had been running for months, at least a few buildings showed on the sites of those dots denoting towns on our map. Part of the streets had been cleared, and there were visible beginnings of settlements. But here where operation was new and the service still slight and undependable, nothing but mere sidings marked the position of most of those dots proudly proclaimed on the map as towns, but, in fact, not even cleared or christened by a signboard on the site. Prince George, at the end of this division, is an old settlement, long served by the river. As "Fort" George it was noted in my five-year-old atlas which knew nothing of the railroad. The temporary bridge across the spring-swollen

Fraser—this, you recall, was May—was "out"; the permanent bridge was going "in"; we crossed the swift river in a launch and were beyond the end of any sort of operation at all and at the beginning of our journey over "track under construction."

That night, as we spread out our maps again, we reviewed the dots denoting towns further on with deepening doubt. Between us and that shifting, indefinite point two or three hundred miles westward where we might hope to find operating conditions established by the men working east from the Pacific Coast lay—what? We could find out only by travelling along the grade.

Somewhere in that stretch lay the town which I had come so far to see—that town in which I had a sentimental interest. Some sixty-eight miles beyond this absolute end of operation it lay, a dot among dots, a plot of earth much like other plots of earth in the great Nechaco Valley. If within the zone of "operation" we had found nothing upon many of those spots which were intended to be towns, what could we hope for so far beyond? Even at Prince George, we met no one who had been sixty-eight miles up the grade recently enough to tell us how the Nechaco Valley looked, or what might be there. Indeed, we found that beyond Prince George no one as yet talked in terms of towns. Instead, they spoke of localities in terms of miles measured west from British Columbia's eastern border.

"Where are you going?"

"To 274."

"Where was that last mudslide?"

"Just beyond 292."

As for the stage, or the buckboard and bronchos we had spoken of so confidently at home, they were nonexistent. We spent a morning roaming through the streets of Prince George, trying to locate somebody—anybody—who would take us through by team for less than two hundred dollars, and failed utterly.

Finally, an accommodating chief despatcher of the railroad gave us orders on the section foremen, living with their crews in a box-car approximately every seven miles through the wilderness, to take us by handcar over their sections. We started in the full sunlight of early evening; and in that wonderful northern country the light stayed with us four hours while we spun over section after section through the woods and along the river bank with nothing but the box-cars of the section gangs to show us where the towns were meant to be. We kept count of them, and by comparing our reckoning with our map, we knew where we were.

About ten it began to get too dark



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to see ahead, but down the grade and over the trees red sparks shot into the air. We drew nearer and saw the white flare of a calcium light; and above the hum and pound of the handcar wheels over the rails and the deep breathing of the four men ever bending again as they urged the "pump car" faster, we heard a sharp, staccato whistle, then the puff and tug of a steam shovel and we approached the only settlement in that region—"Camp 274" of the contractors building these miles of road. For the first moments,

as we came up, we were blinded by the glare of the light in which the steam shovel snapped at and tore away great bites of the hillside; then we stepped from the handcar and saw buildings below and to the right of the track windows were lighted and men were moving within them.

On the train, the day before, we had met two of the men who had earned this camp—one of the foremen of the contractors, the other superintendent of construction. In the way of the wilderness, they insisted

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that we stop with them when we came by. They had preceded us down the rails, possessing a gasoline "speeder" which had taken them here and then beyond to where there was "trouble" a mere detail of a construction train off the track. They had not yet returned to camp, but left a deputy host, concerned for us, unsurprised at our presence. The two men down at the trouble—they had got the train back on the track—returned and handed over to us their quarters, after giving us supper.

We breakfasted there in the morning and took to our handcar to go on with no more illusions of finding anything at all where towns showed on the map.

"But at 292," they told us, "there's another camp."

They telephoned to that camp that we were coming and when we reached it at noon, there not only was another host but also a hostess; the commander of that camp had his wife with him.

Thirteen miles further on, and I should reach the town which, although it was really only one of many landmarks of my trip, had come to claim my immediate interest—perhaps partly because I had worked so hard to get there. I didn't talk much about it, now. A hundred miles of map-dot towns where nothing but a siding or a few felled trees marked their sites had discouraged me a little. I returned again to the rhythmical throb and jerk of our hand-car, plodding steadily onward.

The car put the miles under its wheels. When we were almost there, we passed the site of a town extravagantly boasted and proclaimed. Nothing marked it but a few felled and burnt trees. In fact, it boasted not even a name beside the track, not even a siding; no one camped there; and yet in Winnipeg before I set out, I was shown—on printed plats broad "boulevards," "avenues," and "buildings" all about. Now that I had actually reached the site of this "city" I could identify it only by reckoning the miles we had gone. Would the town I had seen be like it?

About two miles further on, we see an opening ahead, a man-made break in the light woodlands. Who are those? Not track laborers or grading gangs. No; these are settlers far back from the track, swinging their own axes to clear their own ground for homes. More of them appear. A siding holds a score of freight cars. There is no station, for the railway is not wasting time now in erecting stations when it is straining every effort to complete its roadbed



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TORONTO, ONT

But here is the start of a town—of the town I had so long looked forward to seeing. Its name—the name that the map had shown opposite its proper white dot—was blazoned on a great sign beside the track; the first name-sign seen at the site of any of those map-dot towns this side of Prince George. Here at last is a real settlement—the beginnings of the Town That Wouldn't Wait.

It is said that the work of a genius is one part inspiration and nine parts perspiration. The genius used in town-making must employ in something like the same proportion the elements of situation and perspiration.

In the thirties of last century, most people seemed to think that a certain town at the confluence of the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers would be the great city of the upper Mississippi Valley, and few saw in the site of the present dominating metropolis its great future. The older town had its two rivers and all the advantages that a greater age would give it. But it lacked the spirit to make it a great city. The people of the younger town got out and hustled; they got a railroad; they lifted themselves out of their difficulties by their bootstraps; they worked, played, dreamed of their town; so to-day a thousand tongues speak the name of it where one pronounces the name of that older town which back in 1830 just waited and didn't think it was necessary to get out and hustle.

So it has been, and so it will continue to be with western Canada. There are a hundred or a thousand sites where, men may say, should be cities; but real cities will arise in but few of these. Those cities which shall succeed, as those which have proven themselves, must possess more than site, surroundings and hinterland; they must own high spirit, honesty, and the faith which will not fail.

Did I find those in this Town That Wouldn't Wait? At the hour of our arrival, the people were living in tents; but they lost no time in telling us that, since the railroad could not yet serve them, they had turned back to the river where rafts already were floating down with lumber for houses and stores. The rafts would arrive that afternoon.

Between the time of clearing their land and receiving their lumber at the river front, these people have a moment to explain the physical advantages of their new town's situation.

"You see," they explained, "this town is naturally the dominating centre of the Nechaco Valley—and that means it's the centre of the richest connected agricultural area in British Columbia. Notice how the trails cross the country hereabouts,

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and you'll see how trade centres here. There's the Stoney Creek road, running in from the west; here's the government road on the fifty-fourth parallel, just south of us; there's the road to Quesnel; here's the Fort Fraser trail; there's the old Stuart Lake trail, just to the north of us. We're at the focal point, because the country slants this way and traffic has to come here.

"When we get our ferry and an eleven-mile road straight north from

the river," says another, "we'll have the shortest route to Fort St. James and the Stuart Lake country." This man had freighted in his goods three hundred and sixty miles over the Cariboo trail. The railroad, which now put all that in the past, stretched before him. He had waited for it many years, but, now that it is come, other things come quicker. It was only May when he ~~was~~ of the ferry. Now, as I write, the ferry is being built: before this is read, passengers

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and freight bound for the rich country to the north will be crossing the Nechaco river by that ferry.

They pointed out the quality of the land, and told me of the small but rich agricultural settlements scattered all about the district, settlements that for years had needed a common trading center, a town with rail transportation to the great markets of the world.

The men there—and the women realized their situation: but that realization, instead of inducing them to trust alone to their situation, inspired them to make the most of it. The fact that their town was the natural capital of the Nechaco Valley and the entrepot to the rich country just to the north surrounding Stuart Lake, gave them no pause. They were keenly alive to the value of it, but they were hustling just as if they hadn't a natural advantage in the world and were building their town on courage alone.

In the midst of such talk,—I think someone who was going to start a newspaper there was contriving how he would get back to Prince George for his presses and then how he could cozen a gravel train to haul them back for him—came the word that the lumber had arrived. As fast as teams could haul it, the sawed timber rose in piles on the townsite; and, standing there rather in awe, I saw the strange sight of a town being born—a town springing up in the wilderness. A moment ago there was nothing but an encampment of tents in a clearing; now there is the sound of saw and hammer, and walls arise.

It is a strange sense that one has in viewing such activity as the start of a town that may some day be a city. One feels the future of such a place by instinct, perhaps, rather than by pure reason; yet instinct, psychologists say, is nothing but the instant summing up of so many factors of reason that the process is unconscious and the result leaves one surprised. In Winnipeg, I recall, I felt that in a few years the prairie metropolis must become a city comparable to Chicago; at Edmonton stirred the sense that there soon must be another Winnipeg. Somewhere further west, between Edmonton and the coast, must rise a city to be to Edmonton in a few years what Edmonton is to Winnipeg. One of these dots on the map will be that city. To-day, no one can say with surety which one; but if I were to choose I would guess the dot where, without waiting for the road to give service, settlers already were going about starting their community.

Characteristic of the spirit of the people there, and a good omen for the future, are the cash subscriptions by



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It is doing that for hundreds of thousands who used to doctor corns in old ways. And every one of those legions of people would gladly tell you this:

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Domestic Mfg. Co. Desk Q Minneapolis, Minn.

the settlers for a handsome board of trade building, the setting aside a fixed and generous proportion of proceeds of every real estate sale for municipal improvement, and the fling upon nearby water-power to insure its service to that growing community. It was no wonder that a contractor who walked into town along the grade, purchased his lots on sight and instantly arranged the erecting of an office.

But now, we are about to go on our way westward; and how different a place we leave from that which we encountered two or three days ago! Half an hour before we start, I take what I mean to be my last photograph of the place; but at the moment of leaving, so swiftly has the aspect altered, I must take another picture.

It has been a great experience to see these bold and freespirted people establishing for themselves their community in what had been but virgin wilderness—some of them men who had held on for years in this rich but remote valley, praying for the railroad which at last has come, others who are but new arrivals now, but pioneers of the great promise. Prophets, too? Or are they all mistaken, these men of clear eye, broad brow, strong back, asking no help from others, more than sufficient unto themselves? Backed by these thousands of acres of rich farm land, girdled by their trails, served by their river and their new trans-continental railway, what may they not accomplish?

Time alone can tell. But I have written this because I have seen what I believe is the birth of a new, true community in Western Canada, written what may be a record for citizens fifty and a hundred years from now, to smile at, incredulous that their city could have been encompassed once in such space.

Slush and Parsimony

Continued from page 324.

laid out cold for being so careless.

When he came to, the officer detailed him for special service, and he was ordered to slush the fore and the main from the royal poles down to the mast heads. As the *Trade Wind* was plunging and rolling in the stiff northeaster which bore her name, it was a nice job, and with the lanyard of the full slush-pot around his neck, Luggy ascended the giddy heights of the fore, feeling sick at heart and revengeful.

The grease used for slushing down is not laid on with a brush, and absorbed as he was in his work upon the slender royal pole, Watson could not



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Myers, Wis., \$260 profit first month.

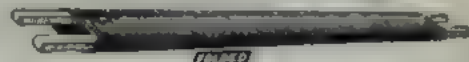
McCutcheon, Sask., says can sell 16 in less than 3 days.

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help but comment upon the peculiar quality of the fatty substance he was dipping his grimy paws into.

"Blowed if I ever saw slush like that afore," he murmured. "Why the bleedin' stuff smells nice."

At the topmasthead, he stuck a finger into the greyish mass and sniffed "Now, where'n blazes 'ave I smelt that afore?" he ruminated, but he had reached the fore-top before memory came to his aid. "'Oly ol' sailor!" he ejaculated in surprise. "I wonder

if it is? It cawn't be." Coming down off the fore rigging, he slipped into the paint locker to replenish his pot, and when he came out again, there was a beatific smile on his battered countenance. "Sure enough!" he muttered. "That's jest what it is. 'Oly sailor!"

In the dense fog, the *Trade Wind* picked up the San Francisco pilot, and with a fair wind, she worked in the bay and the crew were turned up to furl sail for a harbor stow. The decks were

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cleared up, and they waited out in the fog for the tug to pull them alongside the coal dock.

In a port like Frisco, a windjammer inward bound does not remain long at anchor without visitors, and after the quarantine and customs had paid their calls, the denizens of the Barbary Coast came pattering out in motor launches, and boarding house runner and Hebrew peddler came tumbling over the rail. Captain Ezekiel Smith made no attempt to stop them, and the mates remained apparently oblivious of the fact that sundry members of the crew were leaving the ship.

"Let them go," said the skipper. "They forfeit their wages." And he rubbed his hands pleasantly.

When the mate sung out for "All hands man the windlass!" some time later, he was disagreeably surprised to see Luggy Watson answering the hail.

"Ain't you gone ashore yet?" growled the officer indignantly.

"No, sir," replied the sailor; "but the others have."

The mate felt that he would like to give Mr. Watson some inducement to leave hurriedly, but the tow boats' crew were clambering aboard to hoist the anchor, and it would be bad policy to manhandle a sailor with so many strangers around.

"All right," he growled. "Turn to."

Within an hour they were alongside the coal dock and securely moored. The mates had slipped ashore for a drink; the cook and steward were aft in the pantry, and in the paint locker, Seaman Watson was busy filling a canvas clothes bag with greasy grease. He was very thorough about it and scraped the barrel clean, and so absorbed was he in his slush gathering that he did not see the skipper stepping in behind him. "Oho, my man!" came a rasping voice. "Stealing the ship's stores, are you?"

Luggy turned around in a sweat of fright. "N—no, sir," he stammered. "I—I was jest agoin' t' take a little o' this slush—"

"Aye," grated the skipper. "Stealing it—a jail offence. But I'll give you a chance, my beauty! You just skin along out of this and take your slush with you. That'll do for your wages due. Slide now, or I'll call a policeman."

And the sailor crawled humbly away, while the stingy skipper laughed to himself. "Great work!" he murmured. "All the crew gone, an' this fellow skinning off with fifty cents' worth of slush and leaving ten dollars in my pocket. It takes a man like me to do high financing in the crew line." And feeling very pleased with himself he went into the cabin chuckling.

His beatific mood continued all next

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day, and the cannery sale was called off. A good paying lumber freight had turned up for the *Trade Wind*, and Ezekiel Smith had changed his mind. He was smoking a cigar and indulging in pleasant retrospections, when the Yankee mate burst unceremoniously into the cabin.

"Where's that slush we picked up at sea a while ago? 'Thar' ain't none left in th' bar!"

The skipper smiled. "I know it. That man Watson took it all with him instead of his wages. I caught him stuffing a bag with it so I bluffed him ashore by saying I would have him jailed for stealing the ship's stores—"

"You did?" almost screamed the mate. "Then look at this!" And he laid a copy of the San Francisco Examiner before his astonished superior. Pointing to a paragraph, the mate read: "*Lucky find by a sailor. Ex-whaleman picks up a small fortune. John Watson, an able seaman off the British bark Trade Wind just arrived from Newcastle, N.S.W., brought a bagful of ambergris to a well known firm of druggists here in San Francisco. The stuff, which is a greasy, greyish substance said to come from the ejections of a sick sperm whale, was picked up by the man while the ship was becalmed on the equator. Watson, who is an old whaleman, identified the grease as ambergris and as he had some twenty odd pounds of it, he received five thousand dollars for his find—*"

"What?" shrieked the skipper. "Five thousand dollars! Is there any of it left?"

"Nary a bit," replied the mate dolefully. "Slush pots an' bar'l hev bin scraped clean—"

"Can't we get hold of this Watson?"

"No," answered the other. "He's gone east, so th' paper says."

Captain Smith nodded sorrowfully. "Say, Mr. Mate! Just you pull on your heaviest boots and kick me some place where'll it'll hurt most—"

The mate sighed. "Aye, sir, an' I'll allow you t' do th' same t' me!"

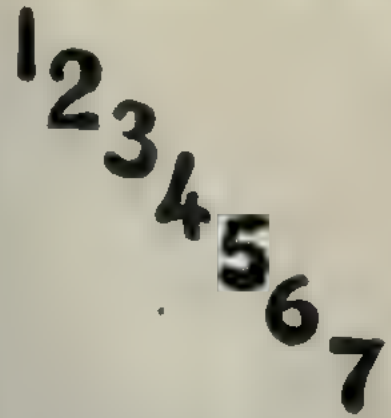
What the Little Grey Lady Saw

Continued from page 310

Hindoos were allowed to step on the B. C. doormat.

In the Social Column, Mrs. Richard Croesus entertained on board her yacht and Greta Glovecounter danced her little pumps off at the pier, learning yesterday's positively-cute tango step.

Then came the extras, forty-four years to a day after the Franco-Prussian flare-up, and the world was changed.



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It is something every man who had a real childhood should read. It will bring back your boyhood days with a bump. The world will seem brighter to you. Every man will be a good fellow. You will be a better fellow yourself.

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bakeshops. Alberta had poured half a million bushels of oats from her huge elevators. And, thanks to the foresight of British Columbia, the Empire owned two Canadian destroyers to go a-killing with the Niobe and the Rainbow.

But, bigger, grander, more soul stirring than any contribution that could be seen, we had a united Canada, a united Empire, clear through to Ireland, eyes raised to the bulletin-board, even if those eyes, like the grey lady's were filled with tears.

Mothers had the right to come forward and protest against their sons' enrolment. But from the St. Lawrence to the Coast, do you know how many mothers did it?—just two!

Report has it that there was a volunteer refused for every one accepted—two contingents ready instead of one. Our Minister of Militia officially stated that any three of the nine military divisions could have furnished the required number. Doctors, engineers, clergymen, members of Parliament, Russians from Winnipeg, even Serbs from Detroit—they all wanted to go. Whole towns turned out to watch their corps parade, and though offices were crippled and banks were undermanned, the grumbles of the few self-centred number-one-ers were drowned in the roll of the drums.

The women promised \$100,000 for a Hospital Ship. Greta Glovecounter patched her pumps and bought extras with the price of a new pair. Sylvia RichasCroesus motored up to the Red Cross Society instead of to the ball game. And when Greta's Jack and Sylvia's Reginald went Warward side by side, the two girls sat together and rolled bandages.

But do they realize—these girls and women, boys and men? Do the little Jew newsboys see beyond the extras that sell for five apiece, when they parade Toronto streets and consign the Kaiser to eternal flame? Do the people know, down to the cold bottom of their souls, that the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze, may trail home caked with Berlin mud? Do they realize that even if Germany is worsted, the Bear out of the North may come for his prey? Do they see the vultures black against the Armageddon sky?

Oh, no.

The grey lady does, head up under the Hydro light.

But the little bugler boys, a knot of silhouettes against the Armouries window, they weren't born to prophesy. All that they know is the urge in the blood; all that they feel is the instrument they hold, all that they're told is how to play it.

God save the King!

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Last year we astonished all with a \$2,300 price on the HUDSON Six-40. It was the lowest price ever quoted on any comparable car.

On the model just out—for 1915—we drop that price \$200. That is due to trebled output. It is the saving we make by building three times as many cars.

In this ultra-value the HUDSON Six-40 leads all the high-grade cars. There is nothing in sight of it. In this point, above all, it accords with modern ideas.

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The Popular Car

Popularity is the final test of place. This car came last year to open up an entirely new field in Sixes. From the start the demand overwhelmed us. The

cars which went out sold others, until our dealers were besieged.

The end of the season left us 3,000 unfilled orders. Men were offering premiums—as high as \$200—to get a HUDSON Six-40. To cope with this demand we have this year been compelled to treble our capacity.

Now 31 Refinements

Our whole engineering corps devoted last year to refinements. The car itself developed no shortcomings. But we found 31 ways to add comfort, convenience and beauty. Go see these new features. Some are very important. Most of them, as usual, will be found this year in HUDSON cars alone.

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Gentleman Born

Continued from page 318.

on the middle one bore the name of Hunt. A man's voice somewhere behind it talked in a strange, loud sing-song; he seemed to be telling a long, confusing story. At the end of Caroline's timid knock he was still over and over again.

"Isn't that so? Isn't that so? Who wouldn't have done the same? Put your finger on the place where I made the mistake! Will you? Will anybody? I ask it as a favor—"

"Hush, won't you?" a woman's voice interrupted; "wasn't that a knock?"

Caroline knocked again.

There was a hasty shuffling and a key turned in the door.

"Who is it?" the woman's voice asked. "What do you want? The auction's all over—there's nothing left. We're moving out to-morrow."

Surprise held Caroline dumb. How could one have an auction in such a place? At auctions there were red flags and horses and carriages gathered around the house, and people brought luncheon; they had often driven to auctions out in the country.

The door opened.

"Why, it's only a child!" said the woman thin and fatigued, with dark rings under her not ungentle eyes. "What do you want here?"

"I'm looking for Hunt," Caroline answered; "doesn't he live here?"

"Heavens, no!" the woman said; "that old card's been there long before we moved in, I guess. They were old renters, most likely. What's the party to you, anyway? Is he your—"

She paused, studying Caroline's simple but unmistakable clothes and manner.

"He drives the automobile," Caroline explained; "I thought he came this way."

"Come in, won't you?" said the woman; "there's no good getting any more lost than you are, I guess. There's not much to sit on, 'specially if you're used to automobiles, but we can find you something, I hope. I try to keep it better-looking than this gen'ally, but this is my last day here. I'm going out West to-morrow."

An old table, two worn chairs, and an overturned box furnished the small room; through an open door Caroline spied a tumbled bed. A kitchen, dismantled and dreary, faced her.

"The agent gave me five dollars for all I had left," the woman said; "I don't know which of us got the best o' the bargain. Now, about you. Where do you live? I s'pose they're looking for you right now while we're talking. Do you know where you left the automobile?"

"Oh, yes." Caroline stared frankly about her. "Wasn't there a man in here? Where did he go?"

The woman grunted out a sort of laugh. "If you're not the fruit," she murmured, she stepped to the door of the kitchen, looked in, and beckoned to Caroline.

"I suppose you heard him carrying on," she said. "He's in there. Poor fellow, he's all worn out."

Caroline peered into the kitchen. With his rough unshaven face resting on his arms, his hair all tossed about, his face drawn in misery, even in his heavy sleep, a young man sat before a table half lying on it, one hand on a soiled plate still grasping a piece of bread.

"N-no, I wouldn't say sick, exactly, but I guess he'd be almost as well off if he was," said the woman. "It would take his mind off. He's had a lot of trouble."

The man scowled in his sleep and clenched his hand so that the bread crumbled in it.

"And so I won the prize," he muttered, "just as I told her I would. Did I have my pull? Was there any favoritism? No, you know it as well as I do—it was good work won that prize."

Was it a bridge prize?" Caroline inquired maturely. The woman stared.

A bridge prize," she repeated vaguely. "Why do I gain that? It was her writing a story. For one of those magazines. He won a thousand dollars."

"And if you don't believe it," he said, still in that strange sing-song voice, "just read that letter."

He pulled a worn, creased sheet from an inner pocket and thrust it at Caroline.

I expect to," he added, "it's easy enough to see if I'm lying. Just read it."

Caroline glanced at the engraved letter-heading and began to read in her careful, childish voice:

"My dear Mr. Williston —

"It is with great pleasure that I have to announce the fact that your story, 'The Renewal,' has been selected by the judges as most worthy of the thousand-dollar prize offered."

The woman snatched the paper from her hand.

"The idea!" he cried, "let the child alone, Mr. Wilston. Don't you see she's lost?"

The man dropped like a stone on the table.

"Lost!" He whispered, "lost! Oh, that dreadful word! Yes, she lost Poor little Lou! It's all over!"

The woman drew Caroline back into the sitting room.

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"I'm sorry you should see him," she said. "You must cross him, as you don't really know what he's doing. He lost his wife a week ago, and he's hardly slept since. It's odd, but I'm as sorry as I could be for 'em, and I'd have kept 'em even longer if I could, though they couldn't pay it. I keep the baby, too, if I could, it's such a cute little thing, but I can't, and I'm so ~~weak~~ for the founding to-day. I'll go right out with you and see that the police——"

Oh is there a place For me too
it? (Catharine pleads) How old is
it?

Just a week said the woman.
Yes, you take it. He's as
gold, and big! He weighs nine
pounds.

In the third room, the children sat on blankets on a carpeted floor, and the teacher read the story of the Nativity. The first child drew a picture of the room and the teacher asked the children to draw a picture of the Christ-child for a Christmas tree.

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Caroline sighed ecstatically.

"Isn't he lovely!" she breathed.

"He's a fine child," the woman agreed. "And his mother never saw him, poor little thing! Nor his father either, for that matter."

Caroline looked in amazement toward the kitchen.

"Never laid his eyes on him," the woman went on sadly, "as if it was any good to blame the poor baby! He's taken a terrible grudge on the little thing. He was awfully fond of his wife, though. He told me he was going to leave him right here, and then, of course, somebody in the house would notify the police, if I didn't take him to the Foundling. And, of course, he'd get better care, for that matter—there's no doubt about that. It's too bad. There's people that would give their eyes for a fine baby like that, you know."

"I know it," said Caroline, simply; "my Cousin Richard would be glad to have him—he wants one very much. But he's very particular."

The woman looked at her sharply. "What do you mean?" she asked. "How particular?"

Suddenly she laughed nervously. "I ought to be ashamed of myself," she said; "you ought to be at the police station now. But I'm all worn out, and it does me good to talk to anybody. I don't let the neighbors in much—it's a cheap set of people around here, and Mr. Williston's different from them, and I hate to hear him talking to them the way he will. He don't know what he's doing. He tells 'em all about that prize—and it's true, you know, he did get it; that's what they married on, and he thought he could get plenty more that way, and then he never sold another story. It was too bad. He's a real gentleman, though you might not think it to look at him now, not shaved, and all. He thought he could earn a thousand every week, I s'pose, poor fellow. He got work in a department store, fin'ly, and it took all he made to bury her. She was a sweet little thing, but soft. I was real sorry for 'em."

She wiped her eyes hastily.

"Do you know whether he went to Harvard?" Caroline inquired in a business-like tone.

The woman was heating some milk in a bottle, over a lamp, and did not answer her, but a voice from the door brought her sharply around. The young man stood there. Though still unshaven, he was otherwise quite changed. His hair was parted neatly, his coat brushed, his face no longer flushed, but pale and composed.

"If your extraordinary question refers to me, yes, I went to Harvard," he said in a grating, disagreeable voice. "I have in fact been called a 'typical Harvard man.' But that was some

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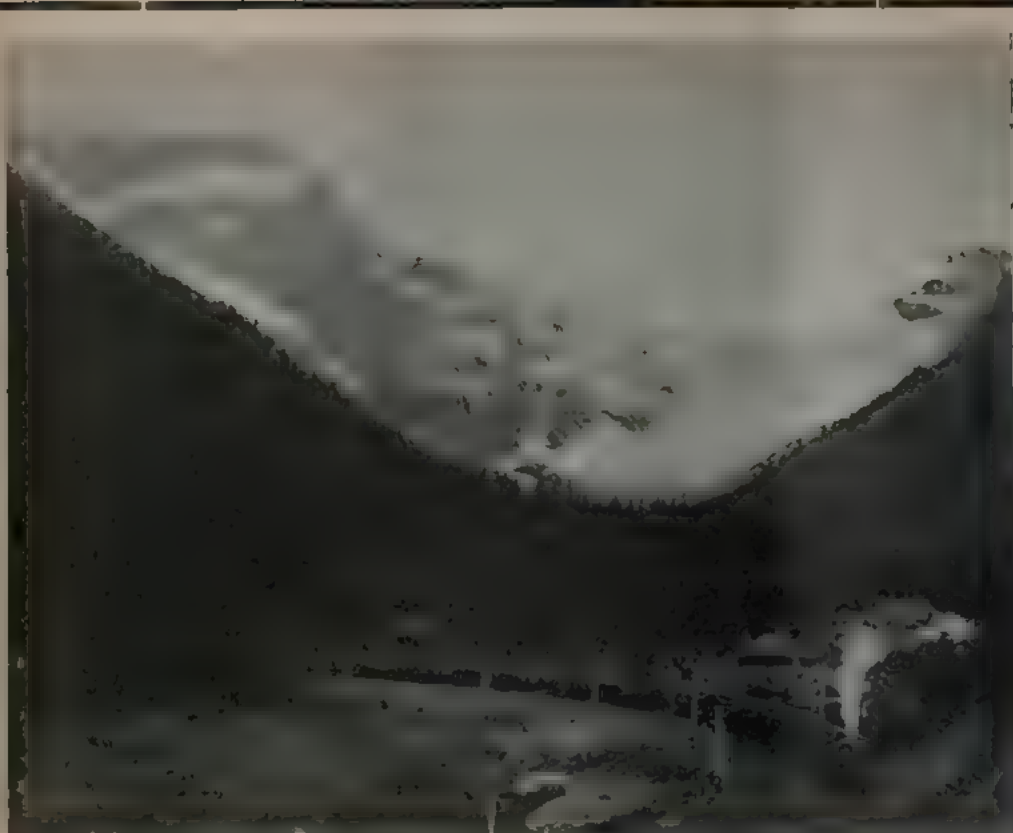
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time ago. May I ask who you are?"

The woman lifted the bottle from the tin cup that held it and picked up the baby; the young man shifted his eyes from her immediately and looked persistently over Caroline's head.

"Her family's coachman's name is Hunt," said the woman, "and she thought he lived here, she says. He'd no business to go off and leave her alone. Her family'd be worried to death. When I go out with the baby I'll take her. I suppose you haven't changed your mind about the baby, Mr. Williston?—now you're feeling more like yourself," she added.

I cannot discuss that subject, Mrs. Ufford," the young man answered, in his rasping, unnatural voice. "When you have disposed of the matter along the lines you yourself suggested, I am at your service till you take the train. After that—after that"—his lips tightened in a disagreeable smile—"I may be able to get to work—and win another prize!"

"There, there!" she cautioned him, "don't talk about that. Mr. Williston, don't now! Why don't you go out with the little girl and see if you can find her automobile? That'll be less for me to do. Why don't you?"

He turned, muttering something about his hat, but Caroline tugged at his coat.

"Wait, wait!" she urged him, "I want you to tell her to let me take the baby! If you went to Harvard, that's all Cousin Richard said, except about a gentleman—" she paused and scrutinized him a moment. "You are a gentleman, aren't you?" she asked.

He looked at her. "My father was," he answered briefly. "In my own case, I have grave doubts. What do you think?" he asked the woman, looking no lower than her eyes.

She fed the baby deftly. "Oh, Mr. Williston, don't talk so—of course you're a gentleman!" she cried; "you couldn't help about the money. You did your best."

His mouth twisted pitifully.

"That'll do," he said; "what does this child mean? Who is your cousin? Where does he live?"

"He lives on Madison Avenue," Caroline began, eagerly, "but I mustn't tell you his last name, you know, because he doesn't want you to know. That's just it. But he'd love the baby. I could take it right back in the automobile."

The man felt in under his coat and detached from his vest a small gold pin. He tore a strip of wrapping paper from the open box near him and wrote rapidly on it.

"There," he said, fastening the pin into the folded paper, "I'm glad I never pawned it. If your cousin is a Harvard man, the pin will be enough,

but he can look me up from the paper—all he wants. They're all dead but me, though. Here, wait a moment!"

He went back into the sitting room and fumbled in a heap of waste paper on the floor, picked out of it a stiff sheet torn once through, and attached it with the gold pin to the bit of writing.

"That's her marriage certificate," he said to the woman. She stared at him.

"Mr. Williston, do you believe that child?" she burst out, loosening her hold on the bottle in her hand. "Why, she may be making it all up! I—I—you must be crazy! You don't even know her name! I won't allow it."

He broke into her excited remonstrance gravely.

"I don't believe a child could make up such details, in the first place, Mrs. Ufford," he said; "she is repeating something she's heard, I think. Did your cousin mention anything else?" he said abruptly to Caroline.

She smiled gratefully at him. "The mother must be a good woman," she quoted placidly.

Both of them started.

"Do you think a child would invent that?" he demanded. "Now, see here. You put what I gave you in your pocket, and Mrs. Ufford will take the—will take it, and go with you till you see your automobile. Then you take it and go home to your cousin. If you've made a mistake, and he doesn't want to adopt a—to adopt it, I suppose he can send it to an institution as well as Mrs. Ufford can. In that case tell him to keep the pin. You can tell him I'm going to leave this country as soon as I can earn the money to take me in the steerage. Can you remember?"

Caroline nodded.

"I'll tell him, but I'm sure he'll keep it," she said. "It's a lovely baby."

The woman rose, her lips pressed together, and rolled the blankets tightly about the quiet child. With one gesture she put on a shabby hat and pinned it to her hair.

"I'll leave the bottle with you," she said to Caroline; "it'll help keep him quiet. Come on."

The man turned away his head as they passed him. At the outer door the woman paused a moment, and her face softened.

"I know how you feel, Mr. Williston, and I don't judge you," she said gently, "for the Lord knows you've had more than your share of trouble. But won't you kiss it once before—before it's too late? It's your child, you know. Don't you feel?"

"I feel one thing," he cried out, and the bitterness of his voice frightened Caroline, "I feel that it murdered her! Take it away!"

They shrank through the door.

The woman sobbed once or twice on



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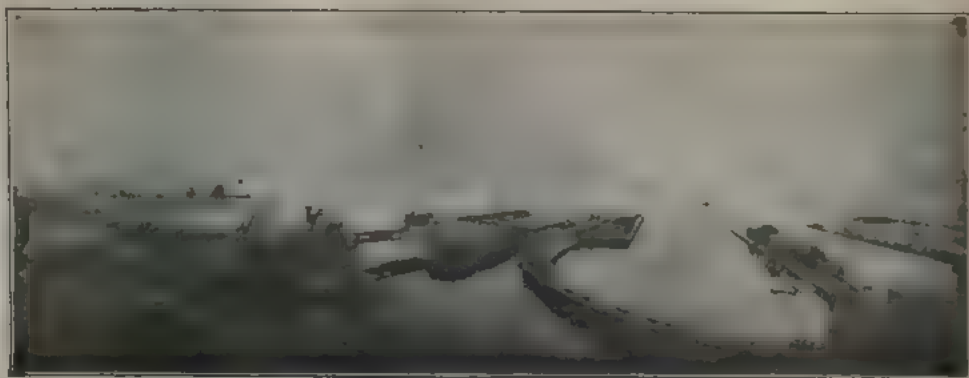
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the stairs, but Caroline patted the flannel bundle excitedly.

They had rounded the corner in a moment and the woman pointed ahead with her free hand.

"Is that the automobile?" she asked.

Caroline nodded. The brougham stood empty and alone where she had left it.

"They're not back yet!" she cried in disgust. "The idea!"

"Maybe they're looking for you," Mrs. Ufford said, shortly, hurrying till she panted.

She motioned Caroline into the brougham and laid the bundle beside her, throwing the plum-colored robe skillfully over it.

"Give him the bottle as soon as I go, and don't let the coachman see you," she whispered, hissing, "and—tell me honestly, little girl, is your cousin really—do they want one?"

"Of course they do," Caroline began, indignantly. "What do you think—Oh, run, Mrs. Ufford, run! Here's Gleggson!"

The woman put her hand to her throat, slipped from the foot-rest and scudded around the corner, as Gleggson rushed to the door, red with relief.

"Where was you, Miss, for goodness' sake?" he gasped out. "H'I've been h'all over after yer! Don't, don't tell Hunt on me, will you, Miss? He'd fair kill the life out o' me! He's comin' now. 'E 'ad to go, Miss, fer his little boy was took sick last night and callin' for 'im. So 'e made up the errand. But it'll cost us both our place, y' know, Miss!"

The man's voice shook. Hunt was very near them now, walking rapidly.

"I'd no business to leave, I know. Will you h'overlook it fer once, Miss, and keep mum?" the man pleaded.

"All right, Gleggson, all right," she said, impatiently. Suppose the baby should cry!

She listened politely to Hunt's vague account of a long errand impossible to hasten, and sighed with relief when only their broad backs were in view. Tremblingly she tilted the bottle toward the head of the flannel bundle: the baby sucked at it with closed eyes.

Back they whirled into the shining avenue, back through the long lane of tall, brown houses. As Gleggson opened the door, Caroline caught and firmly held his eye.

"No, Gleggson, I'll take it myself," she said, already at the steps. "You might drop it, it's a baby."

His reply was wholly unintelligible to her.

In the polished hall she encountered Miss Grundman.

"I began to think you were never—Good heavens, child, what have you there?" cried the nurse.

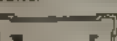
"A baby," Caroline shot at her



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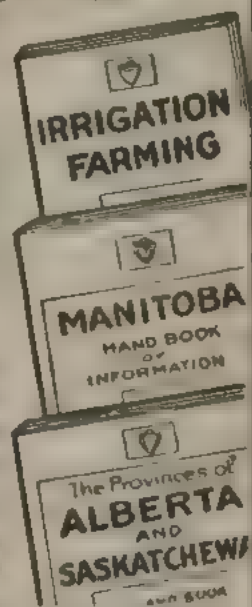
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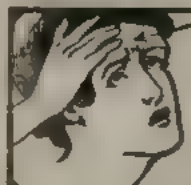


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defiantly. "No, I will not! I can carry it up myself! Please let me alone! My little girl! I will not get out of the way, I will drop him!"

She staggered at the end of the soiled blanket dragging between her feet, her hat falling over one shoulder, her breath short and choking.

On either side of the great fireplace each one lonely in a griffin chair, each head drooped forward, sat Cousin Richard and the Duchess.

"What have you in your arms dear?" said the Duchess, hardly lifting her eyes. "Not a dog, I hope?"

In a gust of triumph Caroline laid the bundle on the lady's lap, and for the first time the baby fretted feebly. The strange, unmistakable pipe cut the air like a knife, and the man on the other side of the fireplace leaped to his feet.

"You little idiot," he cried, angrily, "where have you been? What's the meaning of this?"

Caroline struggled with her pocket. "He did go to Harvard," she said, reaching the twist of paper out to him; "and, you see, he doesn't know who you are—a bit. He's never seen the baby, either; he doesn't want it. He weighs nine pounds. And Miss Grundman knows all about the milk—she can make him some right away. He's a lovely baby."

Instinctively the man ran his eye over the paper, then stared at the quaint gold pin. He glanced at the torn sheet, then turned to the pin again and studied the back of it.

"His mother never saw him either," Caroline continued. "Isn't that funny? She couldn't have been there when he came, most prob'ly. And then she died. So the Duchess will be his real mother."

The Duchess clasped the griffin heads and stared into her lap. Miss Grundman knelt by her, wrapping the baby, feeling its tiny arms and legs, murmuring inarticulate syllables to it.

"The—the child seems to have absolutely no relatives, but—but—and he renounces every claim. . . it seems straight enough. . . the poor devil's going to South Africa, dear," Cousin Richard said softly.

The Duchess trembled slightly.

"Of course I shall make inquiries," said Cousin Richard.

"Would you—do you—in case it is all right, dear, do you think you could possibly—"

The baby wailed again and the nurse began to lift it from the Duchess's lap.

"Come on little fellow, and we'll find something for you," she said, eagerly. "Will he come to me?"

But the Duchess clasped him tighter and rose to her feet.

"No, no," she said in a deep, thick

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voice; "no, Miss Grundman. Let him alone, please. I'll keep him."

Caroline unbuttoned her coat. Cousin Richard read the piece of wrapping paper again.

"Poor devil!" he muttered.

"He had a prize," said Caroline, moving toward the baby; "but he—didn't keep it very long, and then he never got another!"

The Love of Man

Continued from page 337

Oh, I wisht I'd stayed till he went out!"

Hot tears trickled from the sightless eyes of the sick man. He turned his fever-flushed face appealingly upon the other and stared blankly.

"Does it count if you're sorry, Father? Tell me that it counts some if you're sorry! Seven years I've been going about with a choke in my throat that I couldn't swallow. The next spring I went back there where the old man was, 'cause every night I saw him laying there unburied like a dead dog, with the snow blowing over him and the coyotes nipping at him. So I went back to find his bones and bury 'em. There wasn't nothing there—not a rag nor a bone!"

He sobbed hoarsely far down in his throat, and the stranger coughed.

"And then I began seeing things in the dark—things that had legs that wobbled and faces without a nose! Six years I went on seeing 'em, and then one day my gun busted and spit powder in my face and I went blind. Seemed like I got that for what I done, 'cause I ain't had no good luck these seven years. And now I'm on my back a-burning up with fever, and I know I'm done for."

The stranger had buried his face in his hands, and the sick man heard deep, muffled chest tones.

"Yes, pray for me," said the sick man; "pray hard, and don't forget to tell 'em what I said—about 'Jamie,' you know."

Many minutes passed, during which the muffled chest tones of the stranger and the crackling of the burning logs made the only sounds.

"Are you done, Father?" said the sick man at length. "Did you tell 'em that?"

"Yes, yes."

"And do you think being sorry counts much?"

"More than all the prayers in the world!"

"Yes, hold my hand right like that," said the sick man. "It makes me feel safer and easy like. Do you think a man could live through all that? Face all stove in? Why didn't I find the bones? Could a man live through that?"



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"I met a man once," said the stranger, "where was it? Up Calgary way, I guess. He went through something like that."

With a great effort the sick man sat up, supporting himself against the wall. "Quick! Tell me!" he gasped. "Was his face all stove in like mine? Features all scraped off?"

"Yes."

"And was it a grizzly that done it?"

"It was a grizzly."

"And did his friend go back on him?"

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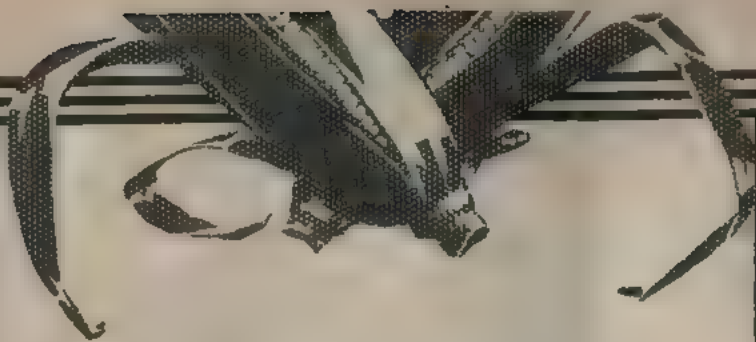
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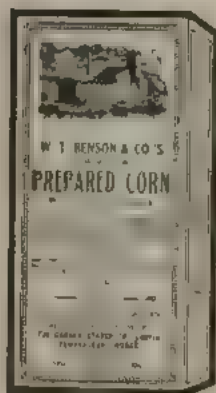
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"That was the part of the story he told me."

"It was Jules!" shrieked the sick man. "I'll go to him! Don't hold me that way! I ain't sick no more, and I ain't going to die now. Can't you see I ain't sick? Let me get up!"

The stranger took the man in his arms and gently laid him down on the furs again, where he lay gasping and staring with wide, unseeing eyes into the dark.

"There, there," said the stranger softly, stroking the hot forehead of the other. "Don't take on so. If it was Jules you've got to let him be all over again."

"I guess I am sort of sick; but I ain't sick to die. I feel like this well, I feel okay like. Believe I can get up on the morning. I feel like I was feeble and jerky. For some time there was silence in the room. "Won't you tell me the rest, Father? Keep holding me, but don't tell me what he said and how he come out of it, and I won't stir."

"He didn't say what his name was, and I didn't ask," began the stranger in a low, husky voice. "And maybe it wasn't your Jules. Maybe he got himself done up that way."

He told me how he was before he had time to set his triggers; and he told me now he pulled and thrust hard at the heart of the beast. And then everything swam round and he was in a million needles of fire shooting in and out of him. And he tried to get up, tried to cry out; but something big and black and strong held him down so he couldn't budge and couldn't make a sound.

And by and by the night changed, and he heard people talking above him—miles and miles above him, it seemed. Heard 'em saying they were going to go away and leave him. And then he tried to tell 'em he wasn't dead. And he yelled and yelled, till all the big hollow burning place he was in roared with his voice. And still he couldn't make 'em hear.

And then by and by he 'woke with the sun on his face and the flies buzzing around him. And he called for his friend, but nobody answered."

The sick man groaned and covered his face with his hands.

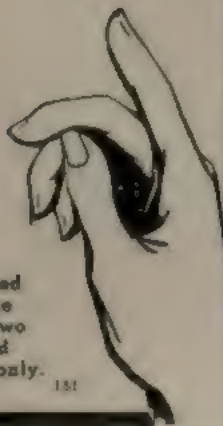
"And then," the stranger continued, "he lay there sort of stunned and numb, thinking about old times and about the days and nights with his friends, and the long hard trail they'd followed together, and the great times they'd shared. And then something seemed to break in him, he said, and he didn't care any more about living."

"But all of a sudden, as he lay there trying to die, he went fighting mad, and all the love he had felt for his



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more than right," sobbed the sick man. "Why didn't he find me and do it years ago? Oh, why didn't he do it?"

"And then," went on the stranger, speaking in a low monotonous tone, "he got one eye open, and saw a spring near by with a bush full of ripe berries hanging over it. So he dragged himself over there to the spring and ate berries and drank water. And then he went on thinking, thinking how to plan it so's he could live and get his

Went on five days that way, eating berries and roots and drinking water; and little by little his strength began to come back, though his face felt like a burning coal and his legs wouldn't work.

"And on the sixth day he woke up with his hate so big that it filled him up and made him feel stouter than ever he felt before in his life. And he said to himself: 'It's nigh on to a hundred miles to the nearest post. I'll crawl there! And he started. He had no gun—nothing but his knife. But he knew what roots make good food, so he wasn't afraid of starving; and it was a country of many little streams.

"And he crawled all that day, dragging his legs like a bear with his back broke. And when the sun set, he was on a hill, and he could still see the place he started from. But he didn't give up. Just ate roots and rolled up in the one blanket they'd left him. Went to sleep and dreamed he killed his man. And all next day the dream stayed by him and made his arms stout so he could crawl better."

Tear swere trickling down the cheeks of the sick man.

"But the going was mighty hard; and he began wanting meat—raw meat. Jack rabbits hopped close to him and stopped to examine the big, wounded animal that walked with its front legs. And the more he wished for his gun, the bigger his hate grew—until it sort of took the place of raw meat and kept him up.

"And every day he got a little stronger, and crawled a little further. And then one day he came to a deserted Indian village. Skulking wolf dogs howled about the empty lodges, and he coaxed them with Indian talk until they came up and smelled his hand, showing their teeth suspiciously and whining.

"He stabbed one of them in the neck. Then he built a fire, having a flint and steel with him, and had a big feast of dog meat. Stayed in one of the lodges three days and gained strength every day. And during that time he whittled a crutch out of a tepee pole. Then on the fourth day he went hobbling toward the nearest post, for one of his legs had got so it would work a bit."

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The stranger stopped.
"Oh, what a man he was!" sobbed the sick man. "Do you think he'd forget if he knewed I was sorry—knewed I been ha'nted with his face all these years—knewed I been wishing he could only call me 'Jamie, my boy,' again like he used to?"

"But he did find his friend," said the stranger.

The sick man groaned.

"Then it wasn't Jules," he said in a thin, weak voice. "Tain't no use getting well. Did he tell you that? And did he kill his man?"

"No, he didn't kill his man after all. Found him sick and all tore up and blind and—"

A strange light flashed across the face of the sick man. With the strength of a great joy he lifted himself with his arms and sat up gasping.

"Let me feel your face!" he cried hoarsely.

The woman by the fire turned about at the cry, and saw the blind man lay his trembling, bony hands upon the face of the stranger. She saw the face now for the first time, for the firelight smote full upon it—ghastly, noseless, horrible, disfigured with old scars.

"Jules! Jules!" shrieked the sick man, falling back limply upon the furs.

The man with the scarred face threw his arms about the other.

"And forgot it all—found him sick and blind and sorry and forgot it all—don't you hear me, Jamie, my boy?"

De' ils to Fecht

Continued from page 338.

his men, mostly Munroes too, on their unwelcome errand, they were met by the crofter women, Peggy once more among them, and reinforced by a crowd of boys, thinly disguised with skirts. Among these were two of Captain Munro's own sons.

The volley of stones which greeted the militia was exasperating, especially as it was not apparent how they could defend themselves against such an attack. However, two of their number got excited and fired, killing two women. That ended the skirmish, for the soldiers, conscience-stricken, fled and were chased across the river Connan by the furious women.

The crofters then realized that it was useless to fight, and moved out. As many as could be housed were given quarters and fed in Captain Munro's barn; others camped in the kirk-yard, while some found shelter with friends on a neighbouring estate.

Peggy's parents had returned to the south when the estate passed from the hands of their patron, and she, with her husband and children were among the kirk-yard campers.

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The only thing to do was to turn their backs on the past, and practical Peggy was the first one of them all to face the fact. She called the campers together, and, on counting their slender hoards on a fallen gravestone, it was found that there was enough, one helping another, to pay the price of passage to America. The others who were not among the campers were given an equal opportunity, and all set mournfully off.

They reached Quebec, by sailing vessel of course. Duncan got work loading lumber. They had brought a few effects with them from the Old Country, notably Peggy's spinning wheel and the wheels and axle of Duncan's cart. During the winter, Duncan, inspired by Peggy's courage, gathered loose boards, straw and leather and made a cart and harness. With money saved from his wages, he purchased an ox, and in the spring they rigged up the cart, in which they placed the household goods and children, and started for the land of promise—Zorra in the county of Oxford, a place where many Highland folk were already settled, and toward which many of their evicted friends were struggling.

They travelled more than six hundred miles—a journey the hardship of which is a story of itself—and finally reached the goal. No trouble for an able-bodied man to get work there, but level-headed Peggy chose to wait until they found an English farmer so that they might get in touch with the very best methods against the time when they could strike out for themselves. The right man was found, and Duncan and Peggy went to work on his farm while their two eldest boys were put to work with other farmers; for few were too small to help in the new country.

It took years to get enough saved to buy the equipment necessary to work one of the farms of the country, which seemed great estates to them. But in good time it came and they prospered.

Captain Munro's sons came to Canada at his death, and one of them went into general merchandising at Ingersoll, near Zorra.

Of course the Rossshire folk all dealt with the *Mac an Oisfeach*, and he prospered with them. He repaid their favour with good advice, for he had an analytical mind. Buying the produce of the farmers, he had observed that the cheese brought in for sale was crumbly, and, when sold, did not bring so good a price as it would if of more solid consistency, even though less rich. So, by dint of talking much in Gaelic, he managed to convince the farmers' wives that the English workingman, to whom their cheese finally found its way, wanted something which could be cut in slabs and carried in his lunch box.

It was not long before what was known as Ingersoll cheese began to take all the prizes and thus was the foundation of a great industry laid.

One day Munro was talking with Mrs. Donald Mackay, Duncan Ross' sister, and the old days in Scotland were recalled. Mrs. Mackay spoke most bitterly of the eviction (her

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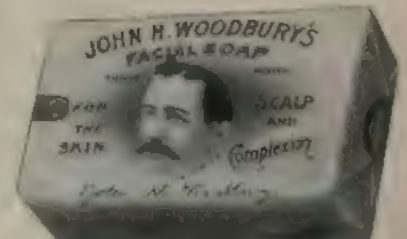
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cousin was one of the women shot) and Munro said: "But how much better off you are now, Mrs. Mackay. You drive in a covered carriage to the kirk at Embro, in which your husband is a much respected elder; your sons and daughters all have lands and houses; you are just as independent as the Duchess of Sutherland."

Her reply was significant and thoroughly Keltic. "I would rather die and be buried on the hillside in Strathconnan than have a marble monument

in Embro kirk yard." However, the good lady had to content herself with the marble monument.

Her husband, the elder, was noted for his piety in always removing his bonnet and giving thanks when offered a glass of whisky.

Peggy Ross had grown old. Her good man whom she had taught, after many years, to farm like a Saxon, went



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to his reward before her. Her sons, however, were all comforts to her and they inherited her practical nature and became wealthy. Therefore, with all her love for her husband and her faith in the promises of future happiness, she had a strong hold and a keen interest in the things of this world. So, when the excitement of the Fenian raid of 1866 was at its height, when many earnest Irishmen, after the close of the American war, couldn't stop fighting and invaded Canada, Peggy induced one of her sons to drive her to the county seat, Woodstock, to see the Oxford rifle regiment mustered. She stood in front of the Zorra company, which was almost solidly composed of descendants of her old fellow immigrants, and Highland faces could be seen scattered all through the regiment, for the Kelts are strong in Oxford county.

Two British officers halted beside her and one said to the other, "How do those fellows compare with the Indians you saw yesterday?" for he had been in the next county, Brant, named in honour of Thayendinega the great Iroquois warrior, and had seen two companies of his tribesmen in the regiment which he had inspected there.

"Warriors all," said the other. "This company they tell me is Highland to a man. I am inclined to believe the theory advanced by some ethnologists that the Kelts come from the same stock as the warrior caste of India. I saw a solid regiment of them down in Glengarry county last week,—descended from clansmen who were transported for being out in the forty-five they all were."

"Talk of abolishing war," said the first speaker. "What other motive would make a whole countryside spring to the aid of their fellows as does war? I have no fear for Canada after what I have seen."

It was then that Peggy Ross, with a humorous gleam in her eye, delivered her historic saying, doubtless suggested by returning memories of the cockfight in Strathconnan school-house and what she said there about Boney and the Munroes; and of the two occasions on which she had met that clan in fair fight.

"The Fenians might tak' Hamilton—ay, or e'en Toronto; but they'll ne'er tak' Zorra, for they Munroes are de'il's to fecht."

A sailor had just shown a lady over the ship. In thanking him she said: "I am sorry to see by the rules that tips are forbidden on your ship."

"Lor' bless you, ma'am," replied the sailor, "so were apples in the Garden of Eden."

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